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THE SMALLEST REPUBLIC IN THE WORLD.

By Mary Gay Humphreys.

With illustrations from photographs by M. W. Cooper, taken expressly for McClure's Magazine.

STATISTICAL INTRODUCTION.

SIZE AND LOCATION: Farm, forty-eight acres, in Freeville, near Elmira, New York.

INHABITANTS: Two hundred boys and girls, between twelve and seventeen years of age, from tenement districts of New York City, pledged to remain seventy days; some stay longer—about forty all winter.

GOVERNMENT: *Executive.*—The chief executive is Mr. William R. George, the founder and President of the Republic. He holds the power of absolute veto on the actions of Congress.

Legislative.—A Congress of two branches, Senate and House of Representatives. The members are elected by popular vote; senators for two weeks, representatives for one.

Judiciary.—There are civil and criminal courts, presided over by judges appointed by the President. Every citizen charged with crime is entitled to a trial by a jury of his peers. Imprisonment and fines are the penalties for crime.

Police.—A permanent force is maintained, chosen from the citizens by competitive examination.

Finances.—The Republic lays taxes, like any other government, and maintains a bank and a monetary system of its own. It also derives an income from its tariff and the sale of licenses and passes, or permits to go outside of the grounds at will. The coin of the government is circular pieces of tin, stamped "George Junior Republic," and issued in denominations of from one dollar down. In this coin most of the business of the country is transacted; but the coin is ultimately redeemed by the government in potatoes and clothes, which the citizen is expected to send home. The bank receives on deposit the savings of the citizens, makes loans, and pays wages for government work.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND INSTITUTIONS: There are three principal wooden buildings, and in summer several tents. The Capitol is Mr. George's residence. The courthouse, besides accommodating the several courts, contains also the halls of Congress, the police station, and the jail. In the Waldorf Hotel building are located the bank, post-office, and dispensary.

EDUCATION: The citizens attend school at the Republic, except a few of the most advanced boys, who attend the high school at Dryden, three miles distant. There are practically two schools, but only one of them is considered a school by the citizens; the second is known as a publishing house. The first, "the school," is established for the benefit of boys and girls who work and receive

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pay at other occupations in the Junior Republic, and to fulfil the law of the State. The second, or "publishing house," in fact, does the work of a school. The tasks that are set in this establishment are performed for pay at regular rates; to the younger employees, or pupils, simple problems in arithmetic are given, to which are added spelling exercises, and, finally, literary composition. There is a public library of over 600 volumes; and also an institution known as the "college," governed by a "faculty" composed of boys who are above sixteen years of age, and devoted especially to lectures.

TRADES AND PROFESSIONS: All the citizens are encouraged to be workers, but idleness is not punished. Non-producers find themselves at a great disadvantage, and their moneyless condition soon brings them to the pauper's table, at which only the plainest fare is dispensed. The paupers are compelled to do a certain amount of work for meals and lodging. All the citizens who work at all receive good wages—the skilled laborers ninety cents a day, the unskilled fifty cents, and the middle class seventy cents. It should be explained that all the workers, boys and girls, are thus graded. The boys have their regular occupations—farm labor, landscape gardening, and carpentering. A number are in the government employ; there are two lawyers, admitted after examination to the bar. Others are hotel and restaurant keepers, or engage in trade on their account. The girls employ themselves at sewing, millinery, laundry work, and cooking. Only half the day is given to work; the remaining hours in summer are free for recreation.

The Buildings of the Republic. From left to right—Girls' Dormitory, Waldorf, Courthouse, Kitchen, Capitol.

OBSERVATIONS OF A VISITOR TO THE LITTLE REPUBLIC.

A SMALL boy sat on the floor of the entrance of the Capitol, discharging from a dirty pocket a small collection of coin.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven; seven cents, a nickel, and a two-center. How many's that, Jackson?"

"Fourteen cents," answered the older boy from the dignity of a chair.

"I kin git twenty cents on the dollar for that to-day," continued the small boy, with a knowledge of percentage of which his arithmetic gave no intimation.

"Too late. United States money 's no good to-day."

"It was yisteddy."

"Store opens this afternoon," said the sententious Jackson.

"By Zux." The small boy put the money back in his pocket. Jackson's answer was conclusive. After a desperate financial crisis Camp money was again at par.

Financial topics had superseded every other interest since the weekly financial budget had been posted on the outside of the post-office, where the bulletins of the government were to be found. There were few moments in the day when groups of excited citizens were not standing before it in hot discussion. Even the girls in the Hotel Elmira kept me awake denouncing the government's management of the crisis.

For some time the expenses had been running ahead of the income, and at the

same time money was so easy that many of the citizens were living like capitalists on their incomes, refusing to work. The demoralization among the dishwashers and scrubbers was particularly unfortunate, and the Board of Health was kept busy with complaints.

Accordingly, the government proposed a poll tax of a dollar a head, and a tax of five per cent. on all deposits in bank over five dollars.

I was in the House of Representatives when the bill was brought up. It was the first day of the new session. The Speaker sat on a stool, with his elbows resting on his knees, and fingering the occasional buttons of a torn waistcoat. He was a big, *blasé* Bowery youth, now serving his second term as Speaker. With the aid of a female member, in her second term, he was endeavoring to steer the new members into parliamentary lines.

The bill was entrusted to one of the government party.

"I object;" a member sprang to his feet.

"You're out of order, Mr. Dover," said the Speaker. "Oh, dry up, Dover," he continued; "the bill isn't before the House."

"I'll second it," said the female member, who was also a government ally.

"Mr. Speaker."

"Mr. Dover has the floor. Now let her go, Gallagher," continued the Speaker, shifting a pair of badly clad feet. Plainly politics had not paid.

"Well, Mr. Speaker, I oppose the second part of that bill. When a citizen has been industrious and laid up money in bank instead of spending it in foolishness, I don' see no justice in taxing him to pay for other citizens who are lazy and don' support the government. I ain't saying anything against the poll tax, that hits us all alike; but I'm down on taxing property we earn."

The honorable member was the richest citizen in Camp—for this took place in the House of Representatives of the George Junior Republic at Freeville, New York. It was currently reported that Dover had two hundred dollars in bank. He was part proprietor of Sherry's. He was one of the two practising lawyers, and the law was in large demand in Camp. But speculation was the chief source of Dover's wealth. He bought up United States money, floating dimes and nickels, from the little boys. These he invested in caramels and gumdrops from the village store. After paying the tariff levied on all goods from outside countries, these candies were sold to the same small and greedy little boys at five cents apiece. The profit was enormous. Dover's example was followed by others of the older boys, and speculation filled the air.

Under the circumstances Dover's speech was convincing. The second clause of the bill was defeated. As modified, it appeared on the public bulletin:

"A poll tax of twenty-five cents shall be levied for the week ending August 24th. Those who are unable to pay shall work out the amount in government employment."

This tax scarcely alleviated the situation. The government deficit was increasing, while its depreciated currency was being absorbed by the speculators and locked up in bank. The government now determined on a bold move. The various concessions of the Camp, which is the familiar name of the little settlement, are put up at auction every Saturday evening. These are the hotels Waldorf, Elmira, Ithaca, Dryden, and the restaurants Sherry's and Delmonico's. Through its agents the bids were run up until the government virtually became the owner of the two restaurants. The prices of the meals were now doubled. Sherry's, formerly ten cents a meal, was now a quarter; Delmonico's, from a quarter, rose to fifty cents.

The Senate.

The House of Representatives in Session.

The Camp resounded with the outcries of citizens at this unexpected step. Dover bought a box of sardines, and peddled them out to those who vowed they would starve before they'd stand the raise. Rows of small boys stood disconsolately in front of Sherry's, with sad memories of the last gumdrop and caramel.

But it is well understood that waiters and dishwashers get their meals for their services. For several days the proprietors could not get hands. The dishes went unwashed; the floors unscrubbed, while the Board of Health gathered in the fines. Now happened what the government anticipated. After going without one meal, the little boys and girls literally tumbled over one another to get places in the restaurants. There was a corresponding rush for employment in the shops and on the government works. The opening of the store, as was intimated in the beginning, ended the crisis. The money of the Republic went to par, for, as every citizen knows, United States money will buy nothing in Camp.

The opening of the store was significant. In a few weeks the summer citizens would go back to town. In the store were dresses, shoes, bonnets, shawls, suits of clothes, resplendent neckties, some finery, many useful things. These had been sent in by the Republic's many friends, and were for sale at much the same prices as they can be bought for in the United States. A good pair of shoes might be three dollars; a coat and waistcoat, five dollars; a nice dress, four dollars. Nothing is a gift in the Junior Republic. Citizens who are content with rags wear rags. It was not uncommon to hear somebody accost a citizen in this fashion:

"Say, you'd better sew up that hole, or you'll get run in," there being laws that bore on such matters.

But it was a reasonable ambition in each citizen to want to go back home well clad and take presents to the folks. Saturday afternoon shopping was, in consequence, an event in Camp. Lively was the discussion of tastes and prices over the counters, girls knee-high bargaining for grown-up wrappers, little boys considering striped worsted shawls with a knowing air. For it is in such manner, and with the products of the farm, that the money of the Republic is redeemed.

The money graciously corresponds to our own currency, dollars, half-dollars, quarters, dimes, and pennies; looks like it —with a difference that secures it against any charge of counterfeiting by the greater nation, and jingles pleasantly in the pocket. It passes into the hands of the citizens from the government treasury but in one way—by work. This is not necessarily manual labor. There are official positions with salaries attached. Such are the Representatives of the people, the Judges of the Civil and Criminal Courts, the Commissioner of Public Works, the Chief of Police and his staff, the Warden of the Prison. The judges are the best paid, receiving one dollar and twenty cents a day, the legislators getting one dollar and ten cents, and the police, ninety cents, the same price that is paid to skilled carpenters. In general wages there are three grades. The foremen on the farm and the section boss of a street-cleaning gang get fifteen cents an hour, while the men only receive eight and ten cents an hour, as their abilities warrant. The same prices rule in the millinery and dressmaking departments, where doll dresses and hats are made for sale when no citizen requires a bonnet ; and in

the cooking-school, where nice work is done for the Capitol table.

The chief business is keeping hotel. The contracts for this, as was said, are sold by the government every Saturday evening. The Waldorf is the swell hotel of the place. Only capitalists and high officials can pay four dollars a day for lodgings. The Waldorf is over the post-office and bank. It has a sitting-room under the ridge pole, and bedrooms on each side, where each lodger has his own tin washbasin. Not every one can realize what a degree of luxury this implies. Dover, to be sure, has an office in the court-house, which is also his bedroom. But Dover, as every citizen remarks, has "money to burn." The Hotel Elmira, the girls' dormitory, is a loft over the cooking and millinery girls' parlor, and is naturally valuable property. The other hotels are but long shelter tents covering two rows of wire-bottomed cots, where beds are from ten to twenty cents a night. The concessions vary according to the accommodations, but each is an active and profitable business accordingly as it is managed. Ethel Moore, who conducted the Hotel Elmira during the crisis, lost money. She exhibited a collection of promissory notes from out of a heterogeneous pocket.

"I can't ever collect them without going to law," she said. "Neither Dover nor Smith will look at a case for less than ten dollars."

The next week I observed that Katy Monaghan, who was half partner in the Hotel Elmira, collected the money from the beds each night, and frequently loud and vain were the cries.

"An' ye'll pay me ye're twenty cents or ye'll git up, Bertha Rose."

"But I can't, Katy. I've only earned forty cents to-day, and I spent the last cent on my supper."

"I seen ye eatin' caramels three times to-day."

"Callaghan give them to me."

"Oh, oh," chorused the surrounding beds.

The evidence seemed to show that Bertha had bought the caramels. This brought out a great deal of truly superior morality, mingled with much personal comment.

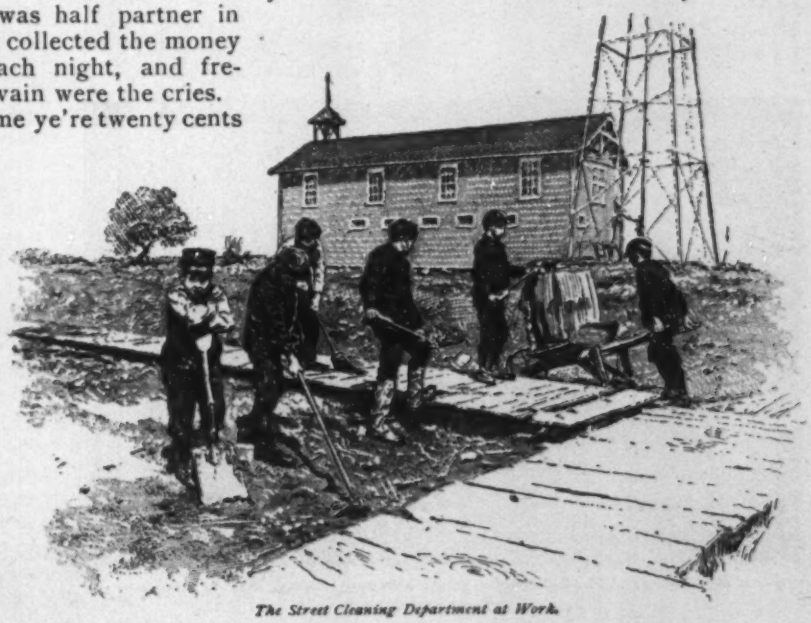
"You never can believe Bertha, girls. Why, she says that they have a glass door in their parlor, and Josie says she was there onct, and they hain't got but one room."

The conversation was here transferred to town, mixed up with accounts of the prowess of the Eighty-seventh Street boys, who could "clean out the whole gang." This occasioned so much uproar, that the night policeman called up that he would arrest everybody engaged if they didn't shut up. This he could have done, for one of the laws of the young Republic is that citizens shall be quiet after ten o'clock.

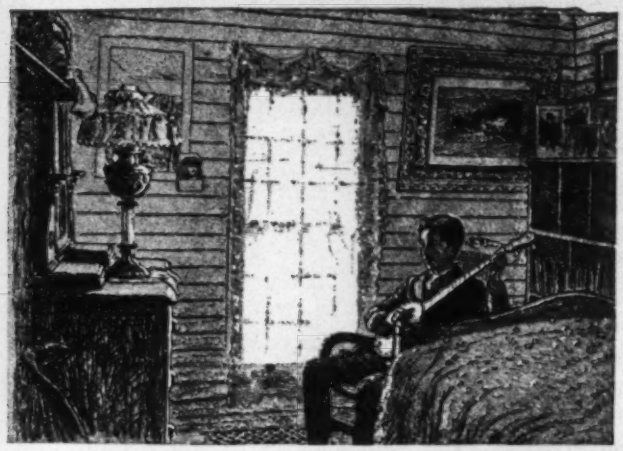
Bertha was now in tears, so some of the softer-hearted girls made up the twenty cents, and peace at length descended on the Hotel Elmira.

Katy Monaghan, when questioned the next morning in the spirit of inquiry, said business was business, and she had a note in bank of her own to pay.

On their part, the proprietors are bound to keep the beds clean and the hotel in order. The boarders are no more expected to make their own beds than they would be in the hotels of the metropolis. Katy Monaghan had a partner, and the two, with rolled-up sleeves, were at it early to get in order before the inspectors of the Board of Health made their daily rounds.



The Street Cleaning Department at Work.



But Ethel had to hire a maid, and had much the same trials with her help that vex other hotel proprietors.

The *concessionnaires*, on their part, hold the government to a strict account for its performance of the contract. There were suspicions on the part of the Board of Health that the Hotel Dryden and the Hotel Ithaca had more guests than were paying for lodgings. Accordingly it was ordered that all the blankets be fumigated. This was done by one of their agents, a young theologue, who was a temporary servant of the Republic, and so successfully, that a number of the blankets were burned. The Board of Health then went to the other hotels, and took a blanket from each bed for the temporary accommodation of the Hotel Ithaca and the Hotel Dryden. Unhappily the night turned cold, and the guests of the Hotel Waldorf, being unable to sleep, said they "didn't pay four dollars a day to freeze." This state of affairs continued for several days, for the money of the Republic not being current in Freeville, it was not possible to run down to the store and order a fresh supply. Some alleviation was found in eleven blankets which a prisoner in jail had secured for himself from the empty bunks, he being the only occupant. The stress, however, did not pass until the young preacher returned from consultation with friends of the Republic in neighboring towns.

As his guests refused to pay for their discomfort, the proprietor of the Hotel Waldorf brought suit against the government for one thousand dollars damages. It was tried in the Civil Court before Judge Moore. Dover appeared for the plaintiff Dugan, and Smith for the government. Different guests, after being duly sworn, testified as to their privations, when Dugan took the stand. After being examined by counsel, he was handed over to Smith for cross-examination.

Scenes at the Waldorf: A Two-dollar-a-week Room; a Hallway, showing Waldorf Proprietor; the Twenty-five-cent Table.

In their practice it

was observed that Dover was always employed by the disaffected citizen, while Smith was in the service of authority. Engle being elected District Attorney, and now off on a case of forgery, Dover and Smith were the only two practising lawyers, and, naturally, rivals.

"Didn't the government offer to make good your loss?" asked Smith.

"Yes."

"Then why didn't you say so? What made you bring this suit, anyway?"

"Well, I didn't think they offered enough."

"What did they offer?"

"Well, they didn't exactly say."

"You were told that if you sued you could get bigger damages?"

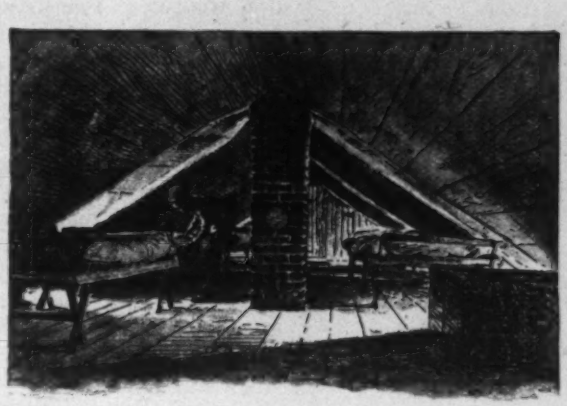
"Yes."

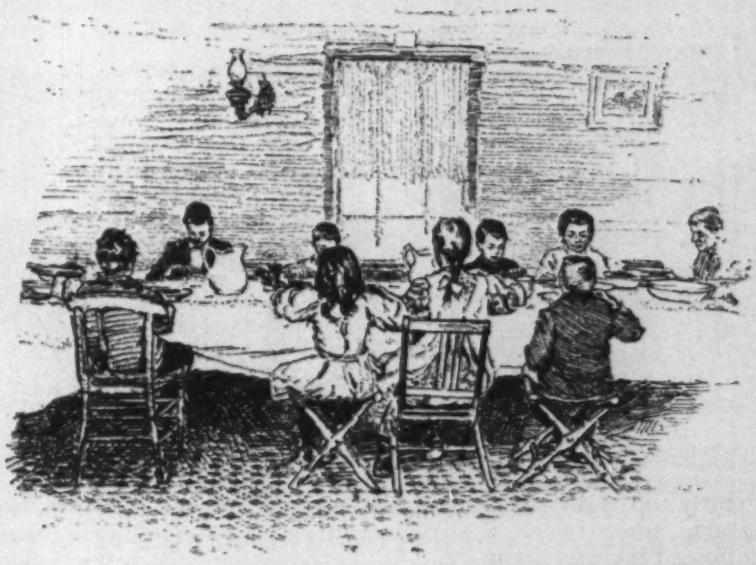
"Who told you so, your lawyer?"

"Now, don't you git sassy," said Dover, who was standing by his client just outside the rail.

"Order, order," rapped the court.

"Your Honor," said Smith, "we will prove that an offer was made to the plaintiff the night the blankets were taken and he professed to be satisfied. I don't want anything more of you, Dugan."





Scenes in the Waldorf. The Fifteen-cent Lodgings (proprietor making bed); the Fifteen-cent Table.

Mrs. George was then sworn as the member of the Board of Health who took the blankets and had made the offer in question. Dover, with great courtesy, refused to cross-examine her.

The summing up was eloquent. Dover pictured the hardship of a contractor to make both ends meet the way things were carried on. Smith enlarged on the beneficence of a government which was not obliged by the terms of the contract to chase away midnight excursionists, but was only moved by the good of the citizens, yet had offered to make up the losses occasioned by the mishap of the fire.

Judge Moore was one of the older citizens, and had acquired that paternal manner and apparent comprehension of the follies and humors of human nature that are accounted among the personal attributes of the just judge. These were more especially brought out in another trial, for defamation of character: Grow *vs.* Jackson. The defendant had written a letter to the plaintiff, and her contention was that it had caused her to be laughed at and injurious remarks to be made about her. Under the skilful guidance of her lawyer, Smith, Citizen Grow told a moving tale of the discomforts she had suffered from the laughter and jeers, chiefly, it must be said, of her fellow-boarders at the Hotel Elmira. Jackson, a little fellow with dancing, bead-like black eyes, said he wasn't going to pay no lawyer; he could defend himself. He was permitted to cross-examine the plaintiff.

"How did anybody know about the letter?" he asked. "Did you tell?"

"Yes, I did," said Citizen Grow, with a pout.

"Then it's your fault you got laughed at, not mine. I didn't tell. Your Honor, I wrote that letter to her to tease her. If she hadn't blabbed, nobody would have known it."

The letter, exhibit A, was handed up to the judge, at his request, by Smith. He read it with a humorous smile.

"There doesn't seem to be anything very dreadful in this. Perhaps if it is read in court any injury done to Citizen Grow will be mended. Are you willing the letter should be read?"

"I'm willing," said Jackson.

"My client objects," said Smith.

The letter was not read,

Digging a Ditch.

greatly to the disappointment of the spectators, who, under the circumstances, thronged the courtroom.

"It doesn't seem to me this is a case for damages," said the court. "Dismissed. But, Jackson, don't do it again."

The letter, in fact, was only the work of a teasing boy, and altogether harmless. The tendency to take all troubles into court was easily apparent in the little community. As in older nations the law was the standard of ethics. "I'll sue you," "I'll have you arrested," made part of the dialogue of every dispute. The elemental way of settling differences with fists seemed altogether effaced. Jackson, who had been in jail twenty-eight times the previous season for fighting, had not been once arrested this season. Such facts as these will be commonly believed to indicate a distinct advance in self-government and citizenship, which is the primary object of the George Junior Republic.

To the fascinations of the law and of the paraphernalia of the courts must be given due weight. The daily session of the police court is the event of the day. It is held at nine o'clock, and to be there in time, carryalls and wheels are seen coming over the road from Freeville, Dryden, Elmira, and the surrounding towns, and visiting professors in sociology from the colleges beg to stay over night that they may be present.

The judge of the police court is still in knickerbockers, and is familiarly known as Jakey. But when the policeman posted at the bar calls "Hats off," the citizens square themselves around into orderly rows, and even the visitors, disposed to regard the affair as a bit of play-acting, drop their voices to a whisper, and finally cease trying to communicate at all. The offenders, when not on bail, are brought up in charge of the police, by a private stairway, from the jail below. There is a grim reality about the jail, with its narrow cells, plank beds, iron-barred doors, and warden with jingling keys. This is apt to be reflected in the faces in the "pen." The procedure is modeled after the police courts of New York City, with an exception in favor of the decorousness and general judicial atmosphere of the lesser court. It is worth seeing the facetious visitor with blushes try to efface himself under the judicial eye, and woe unto the offender disposed to look jokingly upon his offense. There are occasional cases of petty larceny, but the offenses are rarely more serious than breaches of the

peace, cigarette smoking, disorderly behavior, and going out of bounds without a pass. It is interesting to watch the face of the youthful judge as he may be disposed to exercise his paternal discretion over two small girls up for calling one another names, or endeavoring to determine the fine that may be both a punishment and a deterrent. There is no hesitation in his decisions. "Case dismissed," "Dollar fine; next offense, doubled," and perhaps accompanied by advice or warning.

Farmyard Scene.

One of the most interesting features of Mr. George's little Republic lies in its encounters with the same influences, and struggles with the same difficulties, that disturb the greater nations. One of these was instructively illustrated in the police court.

Two citizens were arrested for disorderly behavior at Sherry's. The first of these was Dover, whose wealth and importance in the community have been set forth. Dover, coming in late to dinner, had pushed one of the small boys out of his seat and eaten his dinner. The small boy had resisted; there was a disturbance, and Dover was arrested. The second was a little boy, also too late, who had helped himself to the coffee reserved for the waitresses, with a corresponding outcry. The case against Dover was especially flagrant, for he was larger and older than the boy he had deprived of his dinner. What gave peculiar significance to these cases was that the principal witness against the offenders was one of the volunteer assistants of Mr. George, delegated to Sherry's. The courtroom was crowded, the citizens being on the alert to see what "Jakey dast do to Dover."

The judge heard the case gravely, evidently aware of his responsibility. The witness for the government was unimpeachable. Very seriously, and as if to gain time, the judge rebuked Dover for using his strength on a smaller boy; then, with a moment of hesitation, he said, "Fifty cents. Next case." Here, as elsewhere, "money talks." Dover, to whom his wealth is dear, promptly paid his fine.

Meanwhile the smaller boy was before the bar, testified against by the same witness for the government. "One dollar," said the judge, and the little fellow emptied his pockets.

The sociological professors did not dare speak, but looked significantly at one another. It is out of these difficulties, as the young nation has encountered them, that its system of laws has been created. The legislature had a Lexow committee then investigating charges of favoritism and cruelty on the part of the police. The Chief of Police and the warden of the jail were before the committee and sharply examined. The charges were brought forward with conviction, and resisted with the calmness of innocence. The chief, a boy familiarly known as Eddy, was clad in blue denim with gold braid, the uniform of the police, and wore his rank on a crownless straw hat. He was already observed for his calm temperament and the persuasive manner in which he allayed disorder where his subordinates flourished clubs. He had come from more unhappy surroundings than any boy in Camp, but here he was easily seen to be one of the healthful influences of the place. The result of the investigations of the Lexow committee was afterward seen publicly posted:

"Keepers of the prison are hereby forbidden to strike prisoners except in self-defense. A dark cell shall be provided, in which refractory prisoners may be subjected to solitary confinement."

The police force enjoys the same authority and conspicuousness that it does in larger communities. The details are posted at six o'clock, relieved at noon, and again at night, with orderly precision. There

Policeman making an Arrest.

are five posts guarding the boundaries of the fifty-acre farm which constitutes the area of the Junior Republic. These are the only guards, and may be passed at any time by any citizen holding a pass. The only penal offense of the season was the forgery of a pass. The District Attorney was then working up the case. It was to be a trial by jury, and conviction would involve the wearing of stripes and convict labor. This was the first trial of the kind during the season. This had been remarked in contrast to the year before, when penal offenses had been common and a gang of convicts rather permanently maintained.

In the same manner, out of the needs of the Republic was created the Street Cleaning Department, one of the most efficient bureaus of the place. It was cheering in the morning to see Commissioner Staigg out overlooking his gangs. The commissioner was a blond youth, rakishly attired in a white flannel blazer, knee breeches, and long blue stockings. Two of the section bosses were lanky, half-clad young men who had taken a week to beat their way out from town to the Junior Republic, of which they had heard. They were typical lodging-house youths. Yet how potent is responsibility! Their devotion to pickaxes and brooms, early and late, was conspicuous in a community where passes to Freeville and freedom to orchards and groceries could be purchased for five dollars. The Junior Republic occupies forty-eight acres on the edge of town. These are under the supervision of the Street Cleaning Department, and kept scrupulously clean. A glance at the bulletin posted in front of the post-office will give an idea of its methods:

The Workhouse Gang. Toilers whom hunger drives to the workhouse are given plain food in exchange for a certain amount of work.

STREET CLEANING DEPARTMENT.

"The employees of the Street Cleaning Department shall have power to arrest all persons who litter up the grounds.

"There shall be five volunteer inspectors, members of the House, whose duties will be to see that no injustice is done to the department or to the citizens.

"The contract for the construction of board walks shall be resold on August 22d."

The presence of citizens wearing shawls and aprons in the legislature has implied equal suffrage. This by no means always prevailed. The young Republic being modeled on the greater republic, its law-making was exclusively in the hands of the boys. But the taxes being levied according to valuation on all citizens alike, the girls began to ask: "Why do we have to pay for having things done?"

The question was carefully explained.

"Very well," said one; "then we will go up to the next legislature and have something to say."

But one of the swells of the Camp, a boy of seventeen, and a great favorite of the girls, told them that if they did go they couldn't vote. Besides, it wasn't ladylike to vote, anyway. No ladies voted in the city.

This satisfied the girls, who said they "didn't want to vote after all." But in time, another

and larger tax bill was presented. This enraged them. They declared they were not going to put up with any such work. A deputation accordingly went to Mr. George, who is the president of the Junior Republic, and asked him what they could do about it. They were told that they had the right to petition the legislature to give them the right to vote. This they did, but the bill was defeated. They made, however, a second effort, and the suffrage was granted.

Busy Time in the Police Court. (The whole procedure is exactly modeled on the New York City police courts.)

It was my good fortune to attend a primary. There were three parties —that in power, that intimating a ring and charging favoritism on the part of the government, and the girls' ticket. There were nominating speeches, and clamorous charges of fraud in the caucus, repeaters being haled out by the police and taken to the station-house. It is gratifying, however, to add that this proved to be the result of ignorance and not intention on the part of the arrested. The election was held the next afternoon, after a busy morning of electioneering, under the auspices of the police, in the courthouse, and the results posted that evening.

The machinery of elections corresponds to that of the greater republic, including the latest improvement, the blanket ballot. It will have been noticed throughout that no ideal system of government is attempted. On the contrary, the defects as well as the virtues of our republican system, as far as practicable, are followed. This, which might be considered an experiment of doubtful value by perfectionists, has something to say for itself. Such was Dod Wotton's view.

"I tell youse, I've been a citizen meself, an' Jimmy O. will never lead me around by the nose, like he leads me fader. I knows a thing or two about politics meself."

The actual state, Mr. George would argue, is essential to the making of good citizens, which it is the object of the Junior Republic to do. Consequently it should involve a knowledge of the pitfalls as well as of the benefits of government. With Mr. George naturally resides the veto power. This he tells me he has been called to exercise not over six times; and usually it has been in the case of some law the consequences of which were further reaching than the people's representatives could see.

For example, the charge for issuing passes is five dollars. With chivalrous intent, Congress passed a law requiring the girls to pay only two dollars and a half. This law President George vetoed, since it was not improbable that on some future occasion the girls might be discriminated against on the ground that they only paid half price for their passes, anyway.

Convicts Breaking Stone.

The familiar name of Camp to

designate the fifty acres occupied by the Junior Republic indicates that the military obligations of the citizens are not neglected. There are three companies, armed with State rifles, under a colonel and his staff, and with an inspiring fife and drum corps. The last only is uniformed. The colonel at least has a coat, but there are not a few privates with three fingers on the ribs bare. The relative unimportance of boots, suspenders, and neckties to soldierly qualities was forced on the observation. In fact, to the outsider, one of the lessons of this novel experiment is how little, after all, is essential. The troops are drilled by a member of the Seventh regiment, one of Mr. George's volunteer aides, and would be a credit to any military school which more fortunate young people attend. There are glorious afternoons spent in sham fights over the slopes and in imposing clouds of blue smoke rent with battle cries. The feature of the closing day is dress parade. It is a sight impressive to solemnity. This is partly due to the contributory landscape, beautiful under the declining rays of the sun; but more to the sentiment of the occasion. There is almost always a picturesque group behind Mr. George, commander-in-chief—grave professors, farmers, and fine ladies alike stealthily disposing of vagrant tears. Dress parade is carried out in all its details, and to these is added the flag drill of the company of girls, duly officered, and no less conspicuous for their martial bearing than the boys.

Borrowing Money and Making Out a Note.

Six days of observation had demonstrated the complete freedom of the citizen under the laws for which he was responsible. But people who can keep their hands off the individual on week days can rarely resist at least touching the shoulder on Sunday. Mr. George, to whom is due the idea of this enterprise and its development, is preëminently a religious man. Faith shines in his face and illumines his eyes. But here is absolute separation of Church and State. The courthouse bell rings for a chance sermon. There is a Sunday-school. Decorous groups attend, girls in a fresh ribbon, boys girt about the neck. But citizens are strolling over the grounds, lying on the sunny slopes, spending the day as they are so minded with book or company. There is some religious activity. The Sunday-school supports a missionary, who is waitress and member of the lower House as well. There is a Junior Endeavor Club, in which such a number of nationalities may be counted cross-legged on tables and the floor that it might seem like a little corner of the millennium; but this is rather due to the cohesive power of song, even though it be that of Gospel hymns.

During the summer the only schools are industrial, and are regarded rather as trades for which wages are paid. The organization of the Republic, however, is kept up through the winter. Thirty-five boys, as many as the buildings would accommodate, were selected to remain. These go to school. Freeville declined their company. Thus the school of the Republic was instituted with educational features of its own. The essential difference is that school here is a business. There are workmen, inspectors, and teachers. These are paid according to their services. All are pupils. The teachers are the older boys under Mr. George's guidance. The workmen are the younger boys, and the inspectors are from the middle grade. These are not mere terms. In arithmetic, for example, the workman contracts to build a sewer, dig a ditch, or lay stone according to certain specifications. These tasks involve those arithmetical principles that he is ready to encounter. The inspectors look over the work to see if it is properly done. If the workman needs assistance, he can hire the inspector, who in this way earns his living. One result is that the idle boy, when required to do work for John Smith of Elmira, in a hurry to get his foundations built, or eggs packed for the winter market, will keep

at it, big with responsibility, until the work is done.

But perhaps no better idea of the workings of the Junior Republic in the full exercise of its functions can be gained than from the "Financial Budget" which is weekly posted at the post-office door, and of which the following is an example:

Sewing for the Government.

Income.		*Expenses.*	
Hotel Ithaca	$22 25	Garbage	$17 75
" Dryden	20 25	Closets	16 00
" Elmira	14 50	Lamps	4 50
" Waldorf	40 00	Police	75 00
Delmonico's	165 00	Senate	22 50
Sherry's	50 00	House	43 50
Cortland	50 00	Post-office	6 30
Fines	70 17	Prison	16 00
Passes	20 00	Watchman	14 00
Office Rent	3 00	Tool Clerk	5 50
Post-office	2 60	Library	5 50
Tariff	7 59	Dues	10 00
Surplus	308 50	Judgments	230 00
Taxes	43 50	Armorers	8 70
		Grounds	100 00
		Future Projects	30 00
	$817 36		$589 25

These details are soberly inspected by the citizens going to and fro from post-office and bank, to see what are the rates of concession for hotels and restaurants, and the amount of surplus in view of future taxation.

The Republic is the result of the dissatisfaction of a young New Yorker, Mr. William George, with philanthropic methods. These tend to lose the individual in the system, when the need is for good citizens and free men. The fact of citizenship never had firmer hold on the mind of man than it has in the hatless, shoeless boy with his hands in his pockets, walking over the slopes of this little domain. It is seen in the personal relations of the President of the Junior Republic and its citizens, whose frankness of intercourse and mutual respect would confound those hierarchies that call for superintendents and matrons.

Mr. George's most capable chief-of-staff is his mother. Most familiarly she is known as "Mother George," a title which dispenses with explanation. Yet as member of the Board of Health she may be called by an indignant citizen to defend her acts before the courts, and after justice is appeased, go forth as ever-beneficent, untiring Mother George.

The George Junior Republic was last year but in its second summer. The greater number of its two hundred inhabitants were new. They had come pledged for seventy days—a pledge they were required to keep. There have been deserters, two of whom were recaptured at a neighboring town by the police of the Republic, and subsequently became honorable citizens. The inhabitants are chosen from the least fortunate, and the worst surroundings. No boy is too bad for admittance. One of the most hapless of these children is a boy under twelve who has committed arson five times and bears the marks of the congenital offender. But heredity does not appear to be considered here. The boy has a guardian appointed by the government in an older boy who is responsible for him. Thus far the responsibility has worked admirably for both. No one would contend that the two brief years of the Junior Republic has yet demonstrated more than that it is an interesting experiment, fortified by such instances as this—a boy is a consistent law-breaker, and after some forty arrests and punishments, sagely concludes that law-breaking does not pay. He goes to work, and before the season closes has laid up forty dollars, which, redeemed in potatoes, is sufficient to keep his family at home all winter.

THE GRINDSTONE QUESTION.

By Robert Barr,

Author of "The Face and the Mask," "In the Midst of Alarms," etc.

OLD Monro's general store was supposed to contain everything that a human being might require. The shelves on the right-hand side as you entered were filled with all kinds of groceries, canned goods, spices, and so forth, not to mention glass jars containing brilliantly colored candies, the envy of all the children in the place, which made the boys resolve that when they grew up they would be grocers: an aspiration augmented by bags of hazel nuts and boxes of raisins placed just beyond the reach of a long arm. On the counter at this side stood a big pair of scales by means of which the various commodities were weighed. What rested under the counter nobody exactly knew; it was an unknown land, into which the grocer or his assistant dived, bringing to light sugar, coffee, tea, or almost anything that was called for, with something of the mystery that surrounds a conjurer when he develops an unexpected omelette from a silk hat.

On the public side of the counter were ranged barrels of nails, for the most part, which served as seats for lazy customers or loiterers about the store, while at the same time the contents of the barrels did not offer the temptation to purloiners that soda crackers or nuts might have done. On the left-hand side of the store were bolts of cloth for men and women, chiefly for the latter; and instead of scales being on that counter, there were brass-headed nails driven on the inside edge of it, that measured a yard, half a yard, quarter of a yard, and so forth, enabling the deft assistant to run off speedily the length required, snip it at the exact spot with the little scissors from his vest pocket, and then, with an ear-satisfying rip, tear the cloth across.

Sam, the assistant, was easily the leading man of the place, for he understood the mysteries of bookkeeping and he arrayed himself with the gorgeousness which no young man of the neighborhood could hope to emulate, as Sam had the resources of this emporium at his command, getting neckties and other necessaries at wholesale prices.

Old Monro himself was rather a tough-looking, gnarled individual, who paid little attention to dress, as often as not serving his customers in his shirt-sleeves, and was thus thought by the youth of the village to underestimate his privileges, although the lumbermen rather envied him his run of the tobacco-box, where the black plugs lay tightly wedged together and had to be dislodged by a blunt chisel. Old Munro chewed tobacco continually, and all he had to do when one plug was exhausted was to go to the box and take out another: surely a most entrancing prerogative.

The young man who now stood before the counter in the public part of the store seemed somewhat incongruous in such a place. He was dressed neatly, and in what was referred to with some contempt as "city style," which dwellers in the country naturally despised. His carefully-tied scarf, instead of being like Joseph's coat, of many colors, and those all flaming, was of one quiet hue; and the disdain with which Sam contemplated him was tinctured uneasily by the feeling that perhaps, after all, this was the correct thing, although it made such little show.

Old Monro's thoughts, however, were not on dress. Nevertheless, he regarded the young man before him with a look in which pity was the predominant element. Monro was not now acting in his capacity of store-keeper, but in his rôle of school trustee, one of three, and the chief one, who had the management of the educational interests of Pineville. Russell Copford, who had applied for the position of teacher in the Pineville school, had some expectation that his scholastic attainments were to be critically looked into, but this was not the case.

"Do you think you can lick the big boys?" asked old Monro. "They're a tough lot; ain't they, Sam?"

"You bet!" replied Sam.

"I'm not a believer in corporal punishment," said young Copford, "and I hope to be able to manage the school without it."

"Don't believe in licking?" cried old

Monro, with evident doubt of the applicant's fitness for the post. "What do you think of that, Sam?"

"Don't think much of it," said Sam.

"No more do I," replied Monro. "I don't see how you can run a school without the gad."

"Well," said the young man reflectively, with the air of one who has an open mind on all subjects, "I hope to interest the pupils so much in what I have to teach them, that punishment will not be necessary; but if it *is* necessary I shall not hesitate to employ it."

The old man laughed, with an inward chuckle of enjoyment rather than any outward demonstration of merriment.

"Let's see, Sam," he said; "is it three teachers they've run out of this section?"

"Four, I think," said Sam.

"Well, it's either three or four. Yes, I guess it *was* four. My boy licked three of them, I think, and Waterman's boy he knocked out the other. Billy Waterman and our Tom they're pretty hard seeds; aren't they, Sam?"

"They're a tough lot," said Sam impartially.

"Yes," continued the old man, his mind apparently running back over the past and bringing strict impartiality to bear on his retrospect, "we've had a good deal of trouble with our teachers. The fact is, we don't hardly know what to do with the school; do we, Sam?"

"No, we don't," said Sam.

"Our boys don't seem to take to learning, and when the teacher puts on any airs with them, they up and lick him. One of the teachers brought an action for assault and battery. Let's see," continued Monro, meditatively, "was it against Billy Waterman, or against our Tom?"

"It was against Tom," said Sam.

"I expect it was. Anyhow, the magistrate said that if the teacher didn't know how to run the school, he wasn't there to learn him, and so he dismissed the case. That's why I want to warn you, for it ain't no picnic to run our school; is it, Sam?"

"No, it ain't," agreed Sam.

"Why, some years ago we tried, as a sort of experiment, how a woman teacher would do. She was a mighty pretty, nice little girl; wasn't she, Sam?"

"Yes, she was," replied Sam, fervently, adjusting his rainbow necktie.

"Well, I guess she'd 'a' got on all right if she hadn't been so mighty particular. She was going to correct Billy Waterman for drawing pictures on his slate instead of ciphering, and Billy he just up and took her in his arms and kissed her, and then the girl she sat down at her desk and cried fit to kill, and resigned the school. I told old Waterman Billy oughtn't to have done it, and he allowed it wasn't just right, but he ain't got much control over Billy, no more'n I have over Tom; have I, Sam?"

"Tom *does* run a little wild," admitted Sam.

"I don't mind your having the situation, Mr. Copford," said old Monro, impartially, "but if the boys turn round and thrash you, don't come whining here to me, because, you see, I've warned you; haven't I, Sam?"

"You have," said Sam.

"That is all right," replied Copford, with a twinkle in his eye. "But on the other hand, Mr. Monro, if they bring Tom home some day on a shutter, don't blame me."

The old man threw back his head and laughed.

"Well, youngster," he said, "you've got some spunk, although you don't look it. That's the way I like to hear a fellow talk, but you ain't seen our Tom yet; has he, Sam?"

"No," replied Sam, emphatically, "he hasn't."

And so, with little formality, it was arranged that Russell Copford should teach the public school at Pineville.

The young man turned away from the general store and walked up the sawdust street of the village with anything but a light heart. For one who had had an education in a great university and who had spent a year in Paris studying art, it was indeed an appalling thing to be condemned for an unknown length of time to teach a backwoods school in America. Sudden financial disaster had overwhelmed his father and brothers, who were in business, but who, nevertheless, looked into the future with confidence and hoped to retrieve their former position. But meanwhile Russell had to do the best he could for himself, and hope for better times; and when a young man in America does not know what to do, he plays trumps and tackles school teaching—that stepping-stone for lawyers, clergymen, and professional men of all sorts, and even presidents.

The town was built of pine, it smelt of pine, it lived on pine, and the resinous, healthful odor of pine pervaded every corner of it. The droning roar of the cir-

cular saws eating their way through pine logs filled the air, accentuated by the shriller scream of the glittering buzz-saws revolving with such incredible swiftness as they edged the boards that they seemed to stand still, and were, as the proverb says, not healthy to "monkey" with.

The population of Pineville were all connected either directly or indirectly with the lumber industry, and the children whom Copford was supposed to teach could hardly be expected to have the manners of Vere de Vere. It was also quite evident that the chief man interested in the progress of the school regarded the assaulting of a teacher by one of the big boys as rather a joke than otherwise.

Young Copford set his teeth rather firmly as he walked up the sawdust street of the place. Monro had given him the keys of the schoolhouse—a large key for the outer door and a smaller one for the schoolmaster's desk, tied together by a string—and with these jingling in his pocket, he sought the temple of learning.

The schoolhouse stood alone, some distance outside of the village, and was a rough, unpainted structure, with a well-trodden playground surrounding it, and not a plant, tree, or any living green thing anywhere near it. On entering, Copford found a large room with a platform at one end, on which stood a desk. There was a blackboard along the wall behind the desk, while some very tattered colored maps hung at the farther end of the room. The school furniture was of the rudest possible kind, evidently built by the carpenter who had erected the schoolhouse. A broad desk of plank ran round three walls, on benches before which the elder children undoubtedly sat. In the center of the room were movable benches, without desks in front of them, which seemed to indicate that the greater portion of the pupils were still studying the useful, but not particularly advanced, alphabet.

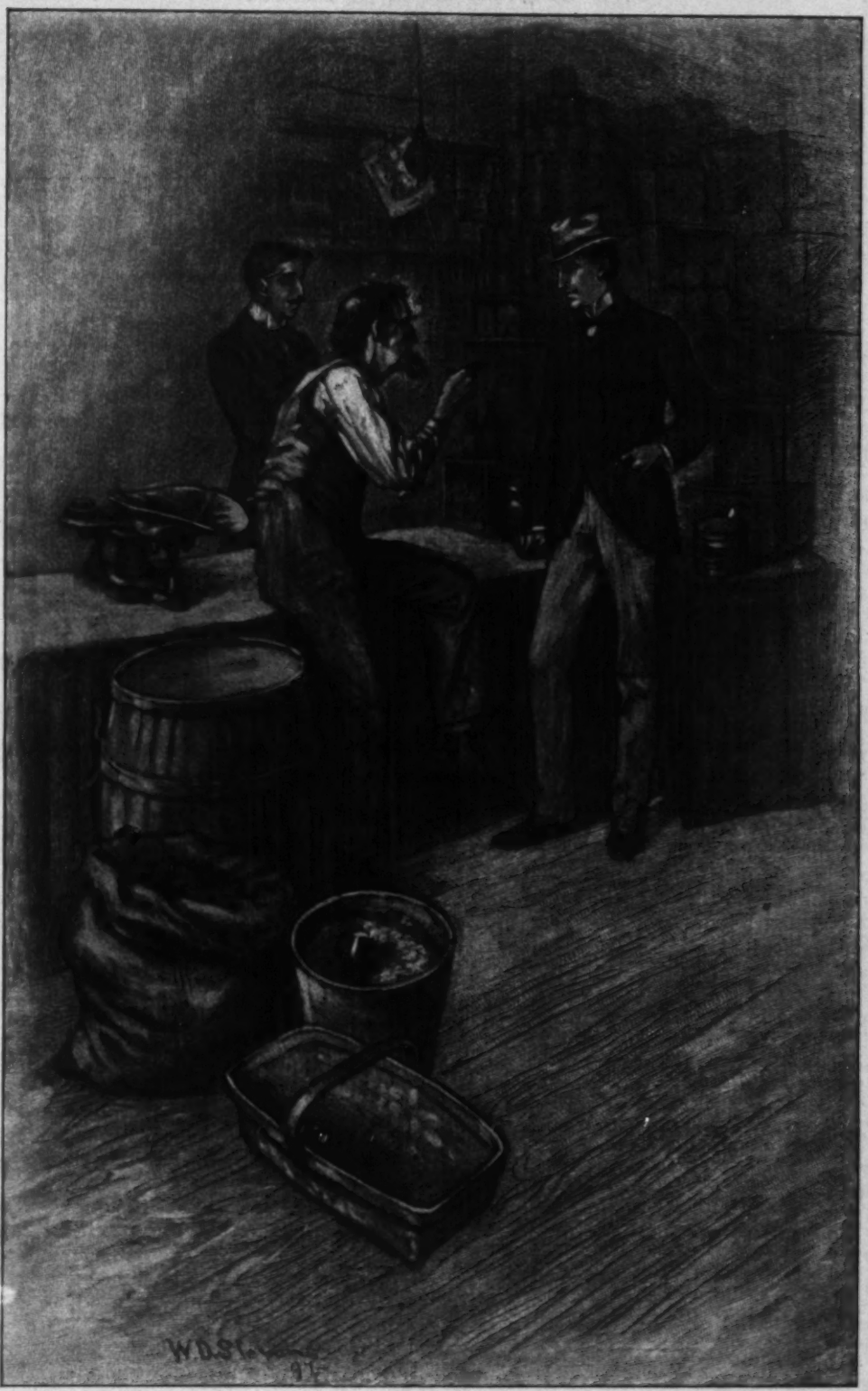
On Monday morning the school began at nine, and about a quarter before that hour Copford appeared, and saw for the first time the thirty or forty boys and girls, of all ages and sizes, whom he was to instruct. He had little difficulty, even before he asked the pupils their names, in distinguishing Tom Monro and Billy Waterman; they were the two biggest boys in the school, and Monro had the shrewd, humorous look of his father, with the added air of truculence which comes to a boy who is the acknowledged boss of the school, not to speak of the unusual record of having thrashed three teachers. His closely cropped, bullet head showed him to be a combative, stubborn person who would not be easy to coerce or persuade. On the other hand, Billy Waterman was a surprise. As Copford looked at him, he could hardly credit the fact that he also had a teacher's scalp at his belt, although he could quite readily believe he had picked up a schoolmistress and kissed her.

Billy was a dreamy-eyed, poetic-looking young fellow, robust enough, but not at all one who might be finally placed in the category of hopelessly bad boys. There was no question, however, but Tom Monro would prove a match, if it came to fisticuffs, for nearly any teacher in the State.

Copford was amazed to see among his pupils nearly half a dozen girls who would have been classed as young ladies anywhere else. One in particular was exceedingly pretty, and she modestly told him, when he asked, that her name was Priscilla Willard. Copford was quick to see that he was going to have little trouble so far as the girls were concerned, for before the day was over it was quite palpable that they all liked him; but he had his doubts whether this preference would make his way smoother with the boys, especially with those whom he might, without exaggeration, have termed young men.

The first week passed with nothing particular to distinguish its progress, and Copford found his elder pupils further advanced than he expected, especially in arithmetic, which the parents thought a more practical branch of education than such comparatively ornamental departments as geography and grammar. Copford also, to his amazement, realized that he liked his new profession. Children generally are filled with such eager curiosity that it is a man's own fault if he fails to interest them; and Copford's methods were a continual surprise to his pupils. He actually laughed if a boy, expecting a thrashing, made a joke at his expense; and then he told them stories to which they listened with wide-open eyes. For the first time in their lives geography became a living thing to them, for the wonderful young man before them had actually visited many of the places which were to them but names on the map, and he often gave them thrilling accounts of adventures he had had in this foreign city or the other.

The teacher was quite palpably on the



"'I DON'T MIND YOUR HAVING THE SITUATION. . . . BUT IF THE BOYS TURN ROUND AND THRASH YOU, DON'T COME WHINING HERE TO ME.'"

road to immense popularity, for when children do like a teacher they adore him; there is no half-way ground with the young. But Monro and Waterman held sulkily aloof; they apparently were not going to make friends with a man they would shortly be compelled to thrash.

The gauntlet was first flung down by Billy Waterman. One day in the second week, Copford had returned to school after having had dinner, and seated himself at his desk. The stillness that reigned was unnatural and oppressive. He saw something was wrong, but could not tell what it was. The fair head of Priscilla was bent over her desk, but there was an expression of intense indignation on her brow. Waterman and Monro were exhibiting an industry over their slates that was more than usually ominous. One of the very small boys in the front A-B-C row giggled in a sudden manner that indicated previous suppression of his feelings, and then tried to choke off his ill-timed merriment by burying his mouth in his hands, a look of intense fear coming into his eyes.

"Well, Peter," said Copford, genially, "what is the fun about? I don't think you should keep it to yourself, if the joke is as good as all that."

"It's on the blackboard, master," said the frightened boy, in a hysterical gurgle between a laugh and a cry.

Copford turned his head and saw on the blackboard an exceedingly clever caricature of himself, drawn in white chalk. The exaggerated likeness was obvious, and the malicious intent equally so. The master rose to his feet, turned his back upon the school, and gazed for a few moments on the caricature, while an intense quiet reigned in the room. Finally he turned and said:

"Who drew that picture?"

There was no reply. Billy Waterman, turning a trifle pale about the lips, bent his head over his slate. No pupil gave the slightest indication of the culprit, but Tom Monro looked directly at the master with an expression that said, "Now we'll see how much grit he's got."

"Well, Master Waterman," said Copford, easily, "if I had drawn a picture as clever as that, I shouldn't be ashamed to own it."

"Who said I drew it?" muttered Billy, truculently, not going to be caught by such chaff as that.

"Who says it? I say it."

"Oh, do you?" remarked Billy, menacingly. "Well, what else have you got to say about it?"

"I'm not going to say," replied the master. "I'm going to do."

"Well, what are you going to do?" cried Billy, throwing one leg over the bench on which he sat, and turning from the wall, so that he might be ready for either attack or defence.

Priscilla looked up in alarm, her face pale, gazing beseechingly at the master, as if to warn him of his danger.

"What am I going to do?" said the teacher. "Now if you will all pay attention for a moment, I'll show you. You see this picture; it is a very good caricature of myself, but just watch me add a few lines to it."

Copford took up the white finger of the chalk crayon, and gave a touch to the blackboard, near the eye of the figure, then drew a swift line or two about the mouth, a dab here and a dab there, and stood back quickly, so that all might see the result of his work. An instantaneous roar broke out from the school—a roar of laughter. The result on the board was the dead image of the master, with a comicality added to his expression that was simply irresistible. Billy Waterman gazed with dropped jaw and incredulous, wide-open eyes at the picture.

"Well, I swan!" he cried, unconscious that he was speaking.

The master turned again to the blackboard, and after a few strokes, very rapidly accomplished, stood back again, and exhibited to their wondering eyes a picture of Billy himself as he gazed with open mouth at the result. And now the children applauded as if they were at a theatre. No such expertness had they ever seen even at the most interesting show which had heretofore visited the town. Copford picked up the woolly brush used for cleaning the blackboard, and was about to obliterate the result of his labors, when Billy Waterman arrested his hand by crying out, entreatingly:

"Oh, master, don't blot it out."

"Very well," said the teacher. "We will let it stay there for the remainder of the afternoon; but I hope none of the trustees will come in and see what we have been doing. I think, however, we will shorten up one or two of the classes, and thus get time for me to teach you a little about drawing. It is a most interesting study, and I believe I can give you some hints that will be useful."

Russell Copford knew from that hour

onward Billy Waterman was his slave. The young fellow's dreamy eyes followed him wherever he went, quite undisturbed by the sneers of Tom Monro, who had no sympathy with such foolishness.

The teacher had all the pupils with him now, bar one. Tom Monro was not clever in any line, except in the single subject of arithmetic; and although Copford frequently praised the celerity with which the lad solved difficult problems, yet the intended flattery made no impression upon Tom's hard, bullet head. There came into the young man's eyes, on these occasions, a lowering look, which said as plainly as words, "You can't soft solder me."

One evening, after school had been dismissed, Copford sat at his desk, writing in the head-lines of the copy-books, for this was before the days of Spencerian copperplate head-lines, and it was the teacher's duty to inscribe carefully at the top of the page such innocent expressions as: "Many men of many minds, many birds of many kinds," which gave the pupil working on the letter *M* a sufficient quantity down the page of both capital and small script *M*'s to inure his hand to its intricacies. Tom Monro had been more than usually sullen that day, and although it was evident the cloud would soon break, yet impending disaster did not trouble the mind of the teacher. There arose, instead, between his eye and the page, the fair comely head of Priscilla, and he wondered to find such a flower of sweetness and light in a rough mill town. He took up her copy-book and looked long at the pretty, accurate, round hand, the letters of which were formed even better than he could write them himself. Then he did something that was exceedingly unlike what we might expect from a grave pedagogue, and which would have amazed his pupils had they sat in that empty room. He raised the copy-book to his lips for one brief moment, and, as he did so, was startled by a timid knock at the inside door.

"Come in," he cried, the color mounting to his cheeks.

The door opened, as one might say, timorously, and there he saw Priscilla herself standing before him, her smooth cheeks flushed like a lovely sunset, as if she had been running, her hand trembling as she held the knob of the door.

"Oh, master," she cried, breathlessly, "please do not give us the grindstone question to-morrow!"

"The grindstone question?" repeated Copford with rising inflection, not understanding what she meant, then adding with softened voice: "Come in, Priscilla."

But the girl still stood on the doorstep, which communicated with the outside closed porch that shielded her from view had any one been passing, a most unlikely event, for the schoolhouse stood in a lonely situation.

"Four men, A, B, C, D," said the girl, hurriedly, "bought a grindstone four feet in diameter, and each agreed to grind off his share. How many inches should A, B, C, and D grind off respectively?"

"What an idiotic way of buying a grindstone!" said Copford, laughing and advancing towards her, but the girl shrunk against the door. The young man seeing her timidity, stopped in his approach, and added, a shade of tenderness unconsciously mellowing his voice:

"Won't you come in, Priscilla? I have never tried the grindstone question, but I think I can manage it. I will work it out on the blackboard here. If you sit down I will explain it as I go along."

"Oh, it isn't that!" cried Priscilla, with an anxious note in her voice. "I can do the question as it is done in the book, although I am afraid I don't understand it very well; but what I wanted to tell you is, that Tom Monro does it in another way and gets the correct answer. He is very stubborn, and refuses to do it in the way the book says it should be done. Then there is trouble—and—and—"

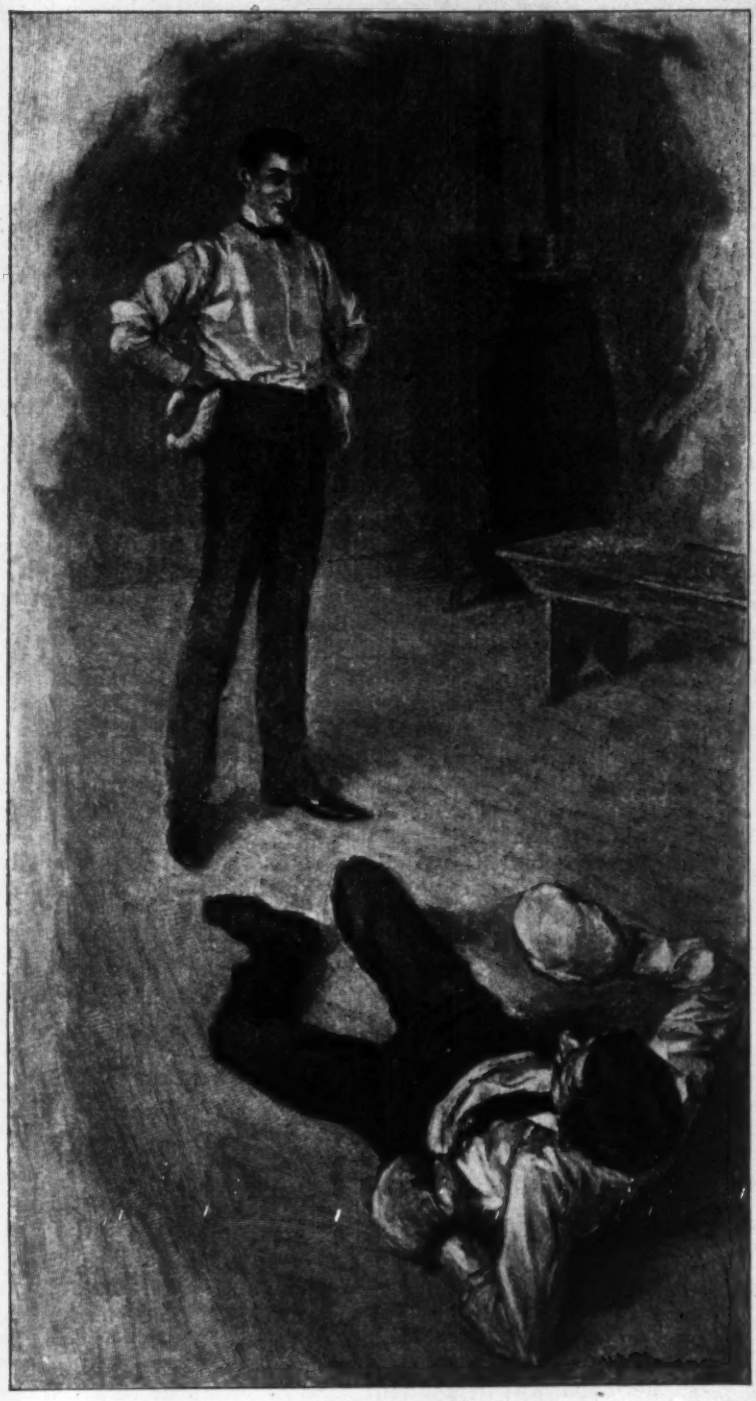
"And Tom thrashes the teacher?" supplemented Copford, inquiringly.

"Yes, sir," replied Priscilla, blushing deeply, her eyes on the floor. "The smaller children are frightened, and they cry, and we all sit here helpless. It makes me feel how uncivilized we are, and if it ever happens again, I shall never return to school."

"Ah, Priscilla, that would be cruel; I should not care to teach if you were not here. If the good pupils desert," he added quickly, seeing the look of alarm that came into her face, with a movement indicative of retreat, "and leave the teacher alone with the bad, then are the innocent punished, while the guilty are triumphant. So you want me to avoid the grindstone question to-morrow?"

"Yes, please."

"It seems to me rather shirking my responsibilities, but I'll tell you what I will do; I'll let it stand over until day after to-morrow, and perhaps in the meantime I can devise some method of avoiding a public conflict. By the way, did any of



"'WELL, TOMMY, MY BOY,' SAID THE TEACHER, 'WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE GLOVES?'"

the former teachers show Tom Monro where he was wrong in his solution?"

"They knew he was wrong, because he refused to do it the way it was done in the arithmetic."

"Oh, I think that was entirely to his credit," said the schoolmaster, frankly; "always supposing that his solution is not an arbitrary one and can be explained step by step."

Copford went to his desk and picked up a volume which treated of arithmetic, running the pages past his thumb and examining the book here and there. Without looking up, he said quietly:

"I can't find the grindstone question; where is it?"

"I'll show you," replied the girl, innocently, advancing and taking the book from his hand.

"There it is," she added, pointing out the knotty problem.

The schoolmaster looked at it critically. Underneath the question itself, on the same page, was the solving of it in plain figures; the compiler of the book evidently thinking that his grindstone question might perhaps baffle the teachers themselves, which indeed was the case, for most of them clung to that solution as an inebriate man clings to a lamp-post, afraid to move away from it.

The schoolmaster apparently examined the unraveling of the problem with knitted brow.

"Well," he said at last, closing the book, "I will spend a little time with this question privately, and see if there is any other method of solving it. When you entered, Priscilla, I was just examining your copy-book. Here it is, you see, open on my desk, and I have come to the con-

clusion that you write much better than I do myself, so it seems rather useless for me to set you any more head-lines. I could not help thinking what silly mottoes and adages the pupils are made to transcribe. Just notice the inanity of the page you have been doing. 'Many men of many minds, many birds of many kinds.' Could anything be more futile! Now, as the next page begins with *N*, I have picked out a line for you, and I am going to ask you to write it yourself."

The girl laughed, and sat in his chair, taking his pen in her hand and placing the copy-book before her. Copford turned the pages of a small volume which lay open on his desk, and read the line:

"'Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others.'"

"That is a beautiful line," she said, as she finished writing it.

"Yes," he answered, "and it looks more beautiful now that your pen has traced it. Do you know to whom it refers?"

"No, I never heard it before," she said, gently shaking her head.

"Then listen to the lines that go with it:

"'Truly, Priscilla,' he said, 'when I see you spinning and spinning,
Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others,
Suddenly you are transformed or visibly changed in a moment;
No longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful Spinner.'

"Which I will amend by calling you Priscilla the beautiful writer."

"It is Longfellow, is it not?" she asked. "There is a part of 'Evangeline' in our text-book, and it reads like that."

"Yes, this is one of Longfellow's poems, and the one I like most of all. I wish you would let me give you this book for you to keep in remembrance of the time you warned me. Here, I shall write on the fly-leaf:

"'Priscilla, thoughtful of others.'"

"Oh, I must go," she cried, a tumult rising in her heart, but she took the book and hurriedly thanked him.

He held her hand for a moment, his whole impulse being to draw her toward him and treat her as he had treated her copy-book, but he had mercy on her diffident modesty and restrained his impulse, hoping selfishly that a future reward would wait on his self-restraint, which it undoubtedly did; but with that we have nothing to do, for this story does not extend to the courtship and marriage of Russell Copford and Priscilla Willard; it deals with war, and not with love.

Next day Copford announced in the school that he would postpone the arithmetic class until the morrow, and would give them a lesson in drawing instead. This proclamation did not appear to gratify Tom Monro, although it filled the rest of the school with delight. Tom had prepared himself for the sequel to the inevitable grindstone question, and he did not care to have the contest postponed; so he sat sullenly in his place, paying no attention to the brilliant art display which the teacher exhibited on the blackboard by means of various colored chalk crayons.

When school was dismissed at four o'clock, Copford said to Tom Monro: "I want you to wait until the others have gone."

"What for?" asked Tom, gruffly.

"I have something to show you," replied the master.

"I don't know that I care about seeing it," said Tom, rudely. "I get enough schoolmastering from nine till four. I've got other things to do after school's out. If you think I'm interested in drawing, you're mistaken."

"I can see that you are not interested in drawing," said Copford, mildly, "and I am not going to speak to you about it; so you need have no fears on that score. The fact is, Tom, I want you to do me a favor. I haven't had any exercise since I came to this place, and I want to limber up a little, if I may put it that way. There, now, the last lingerer has gone, and we are alone."

Copford opened his desk and drew from the inside two pairs of boxing-gloves, which, closing the desk, he placed upon the lid.

"Have you ever seen wearing apparel of that nature before?" he inquired.

"No," said Tom, interested in spite of himself. "What are they for?"

"They are boxing-gloves. I am very fond of boxing, and used to be rather good at it, so it struck me you might oblige me by giving me the chance of a little exercise. I should say from your build that you ought to make a fair fighter, if you know how to use your strength."

Tom's eyes lit up with the flame of lust of combat.

"Nobody that ever stood up to me ever had any complaint to make that I didn't know how to fight," he said. "But I fight with my fists; I don't see the use of them things."

"These," said the master, "are very useful for deadening a blow, and yet you can give pretty good hard licks with them."

"I fight with my fists," persisted Tom, "and I don't care to have them swathed in pillows, no matter what the other fellow might think."

"Well," said Copford, genially, "you can't expect me to go round town with a black eye and a swollen nose, can you? And yet I have known such gloves to close up a man's eye. Here, help me to place these benches out of the way."

Tom went to work with a will, and in a few minutes the whole central portion of the schoolroom was clear.

"Now I'll tie on the gloves for you," said Copford, which he did, afterwards putting on his own.

Tom swung round his arms, with the unaccustomed pillows, as he called them, at the ends of them.

"I don't like these things a little bit," he said. "They seem to me clumsy. I don't see how anybody can do anything with them."

"I knew I should interest you," said the teacher. "That was why I asked you to wait. Now, smite me with one of them. But, I say, Tom, you mustn't stand like that, or you'll get knocked over before you know where you are. Put your foot forward as you see me doing."

"Look here, master," said Tom pugnaciously, "you stand as you like, and I'll do the same, and be very thankful if you can stand at all when I get through with you."

"All right," replied the teacher, "but remember I have warned you. Now hit out, and let us see what you can do."

Tom lunged forward and had his blow parried. Again and again he tried to strike the young man, who seemed to stand so carelessly before him, yet whose arm was ever ready to nullify the most powerful blow he had to offer. The harder Tom worked the angrier he got. Thinking he was impeded by the hand-gear, he denounced the gloves.

"These are no good," he roared. "Even if I could hit you, it wouldn't amount to anything. You take the gloves off, and I'll show you what we're here for."

Hitherto Copford had merely stood on the defensive, but now that the gloves were maligned he shouted out to his opponent:

"Look out for yourself; I'll show you whether they are so innocent as you seem to think."

Tom rushed in where angels would have had good reason to fear to tread, and received an unexpected shoulder blow straight in the face that staggered him. Whereupon he roared once more and came in again; but this time the teacher, with a swinging movement, hit him such a stinging blow on the ear that sent Tom over and down in a heap on the floor.

"Get up!" cried Copford with ringing voice. "Why, bless me, I'm ashamed of you! I never saw anybody so useless with his fists as you are. It reminds me of fighting a cow."

Tom sprang to his feet, his face ablaze with rage at the insult, and rushed at his antagonist with the impetuosity of a mad bull, receiving a blow in the jaw that would undoubtedly have floored him, if, as he went over, he had not encountered a left-hander on the other ear, that restored his equilibrium.

"That's Christian," shouted the master, who was getting tolerably excited. "When you are smitten on one cheek, you turn the other. Of all helpless infants, I never saw the like of you."

Tom put down his head like a belligerent ram, and drove blindly at his adversary, receiving a body blow in the breast that not only straightened him up, but took every atom of breath from him; and then came swift oblivion, for there descended full in his face the most appalling impact ever experienced outside the prize-ring, and Tom's heels went up, and the back of his head came down like a sledge-hammer on the floor, where he lay.

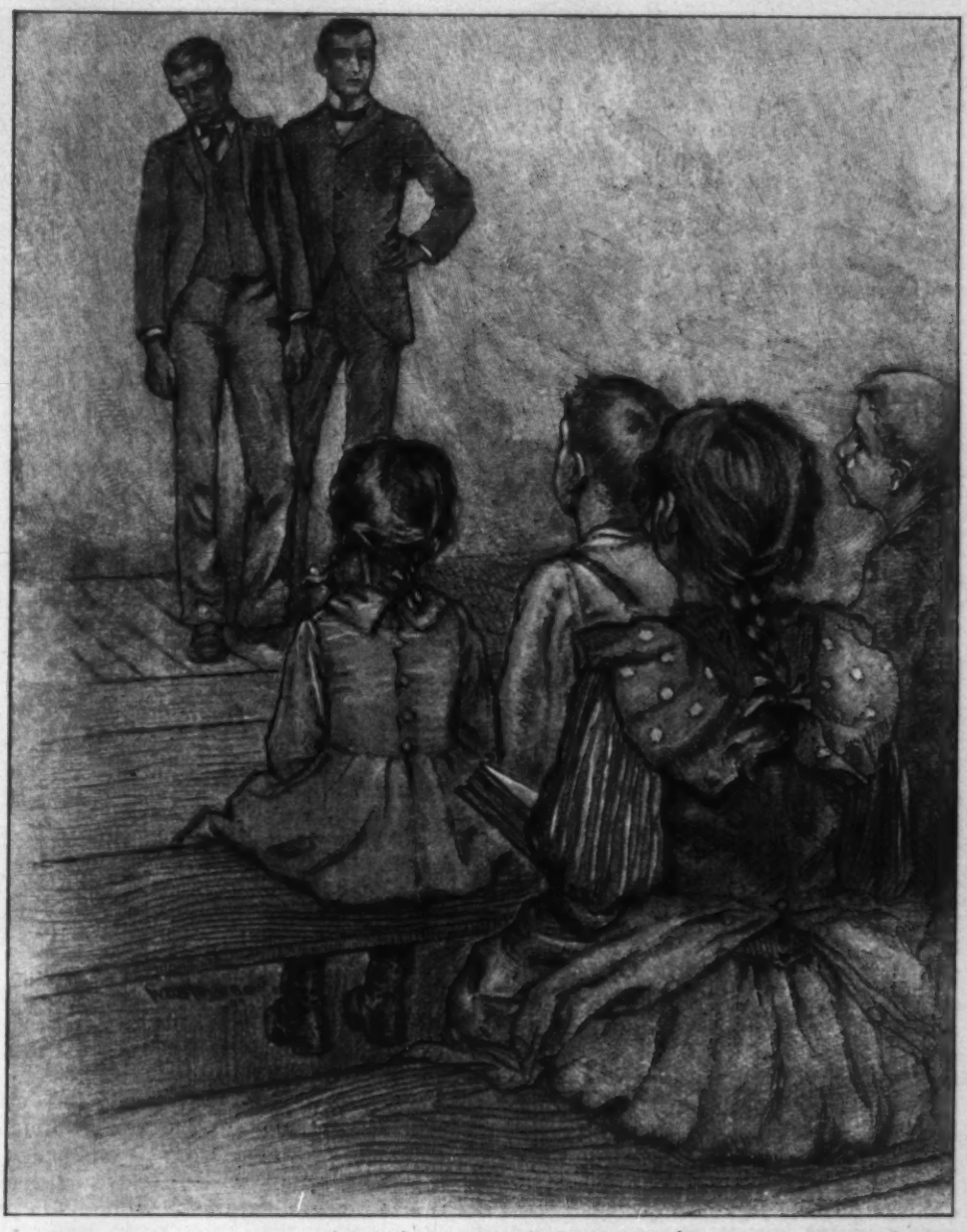
When Tom opened his eyes, he saw standing above him the master, with a cynical smile on his lips, his gloved hands resting on his hips. It seemed to Tom that he spoke in a far-off voice, for his head was spinning, and he felt a strange weakness and unwonted timidity creeping over him. He had a dazed idea that he had been fighting a thunder-storm and had got struck by lightning.

"Well, Tommy, my boy," said the teacher, "what's the matter with the gloves?"

"They're all right, I suppose," replied Tom, weakly.

He raised himself slowly to his elbow, then put his hand to his head, and finding the glove still on, looked at that as if he had not seen it before.

"Now," said the master, genially, when Tom had once more attained his feet, feel-



"THE MASTER ROSE, AND PLACED HIS HAND ON TOM'S SHOULDER. 'BOYS AND GIRLS,' HE SAID TO THE CLASS, 'WE HAVE HERE A BORN MATHEMATICIAN.'"

ing very unsure of their stability, "if you are tired of the gloves, and want to take to the naked fists, I am ready to accommodate you. Your father said he wouldn't grumble if I sent you home on a shutter. So we will take off the gloves, if you don't mind, and see if you can do any better with bare fists."

"Well, master," said Tom, "I guess I know when I've had enough."

"Are you sure you *have* had enough, Master Monro? I don't want any mistake to creep in, and as your skull is pretty thick, I want to feel certain I have got an idea or two into it. If you will just stand up to me once more, and let me get an upper cut under your chin, I can promise you a sensation that will make you think your head has come off. Do you want to experience it?"

"No, thank you," said Tom, humbly.

"Very well, then. Now I am going to talk to you in a straight and friendly manner. This, although you may not think

it, is really an amicable meeting, because I didn't want to be compelled to hit you some day in school with my ungloved fist. I want to say to you that I think it is an ungentlemanly thing for a young man like you to fight or propose fighting in the presence of girls and little children. I therefore wanted you to have an entirely satisfactory measurement of your strength against my skill here alone this evening, and if you are not thoroughly convinced that you are a helpless infant as far as your fists are concerned, I shall be glad to renew the contest at once, either with or without gloves. But I warn you that if you try any of your capers with me in school, there will be but one blow struck, and you will get it. Furthermore, you will get it squarely in the face, and you won't be able to leave your bed for a month after. Ever since I came here you have been acting in high and mighty sulkiness, strutting round as if you were really a bully, whereas you are as soft as a feather bed. I am not going to stand it any longer. I am going to teach this school, and you are going to be a mighty civil pupil; do you understand that?"

"I think you are pretty hard on me, master," said Tom, nearly whimpering.

"I am not; but I want a fair and square understanding, and I want to have it now. I'll treat you in school with the greatest respect, and you must treat me in the same way. When I say, 'Thomas, I want you to stay after the rest are gone,' you are not to growl, 'What for?' You are to say, cheerfully, 'Yes, sir.'"

"I'll do it, master," said Tom. "You are a man, you are, and I never went to a man's school before."

"All right," said Copford, holding out his hand, and clasping that of his truculent pupil. "There is no more to be said, and I won't mention this little contest if you don't. So, now, good-night."

Next day the arithmetic class was called, and ranged itself along the front benches before the master's desk. Tom Monro was at the head of the class, for he was a good mathematician; and Priscilla, near the middle, looked with alarm when the master's sonorous voice rang out with the words: "Four men, A, B, C, and D, bought a grindstone four feet in diameter. Each ground off his share. How many inches did A, B, C, and D grind respectively?"

For a few moments the silence was broken only by the scribbling of pencil on slate, and then one by one the slates were piled on the desk in front of the master. When all were in place except the two belonging to the inefficient couple at the foot of the class, who admitted their inability to do the grinding, even when their books showed them how it should be done, the master turned over the slates, and took up the first, which was that of Tom Monro. There was an anxious stillness in the room.

"Thomas," said the teacher, "you have not solved this problem as it is done in your text-book. Do you know how to do it as the text-book gives it?"

"Yes-sir."

"Then take the chalk and go to the blackboard and solve it as the text-book solves it."

Without a word Tom Monro went to the blackboard and worked out the problen at it was done in the book.

"Now," said Copford, "show the class your own way of doing it; then take the pointer and explain, step by step, what you have done."

When this was accomplished, Tom stood patiently before the blackboard, awaiting the next order.

The master rose, and placed his hand on Tom's shoulder.

"Boys and girls," he said to the class, "we have here a born mathematician; and speaking for myself, I like Tom's solution better than the one given in the book. So, Thomas, we will here shake hands on the grindstone question, and tell your father, when you go home, that he has every reason to be proud of you; and, furthermore, that your teacher and the school are proud of you."

Big as he was, the tears came suddenly into Tom's eyes, which even the drubbing of the night before had not brought forth. He tried to speak, gulped, then taking his slate, walked silently to his place at the head of the class.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND IN HIS STUDY.

PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND.

By the Rev. D. M. Ross.

THE STORY OF PROFESSOR DRUMMOND'S LIFE.—HIS RARE CHARACTER, POPULARITY, AND INFLUENCE.—HIS WRITINGS AND THEIR WIDE EFFECT.—HIS POWER AS A PREACHER.—HIS PATIENCE UNDER SUFFERING.—HIS DEATH.

IN one of Canon Mozley's Oxford University sermons there is a beautiful Paragraph which some of us have instinctively associated with Henry Drummond. "I do not see why we should object to admit . . . that some persons are, even in point of character, if we may use the expression, favorites of heaven . . . I mean that some persons certainly exhibit, from the first dawn of their existence as moral agents, a spiritual type that is not only a law written in their hearts, but an implanted goodness and beauty of character, which carries them instinctively to that good which others reach only by many struggles and perhaps many falls. Such have many of us seen—sometimes in humble life, faithful and devoted, loyal to man and full of melody in their hearts to God, their life one act of praise; sometimes in a higher sphere, living amid the pride of life, but wholly untouched by its spells;

free and unensnared souls, that had never been lighted up by the false lights and aspirations of human life, or been fascinated by the evil of the world, though sympathizing with all that is good in it, and enjoying it becomingly; who give us, so far as human character now can do, an insight into the realms of light, the light that comes from neither sun nor moon, but from Him who is the light everlasting!"

Such "a favorite of heaven" was Henry Drummond, from his boyhood full of brightness and frolic on to that sick-room at Tunbridge Wells, which was transformed by the beautiful spirit of the sufferer into a kind of temple. There was a unique charm alike in his personality and in his writing and speaking, and the secret of this charm is to be found, partly at least, in Canon Mozley's suggestion that it "does please the Almighty to endow some of His creatures from the first with extraordinary graces."

Henry Drummond was singularly fortunate in his home life, with its congenial environment of affection, culture, and robust evangelical religion. He was a school-boy to his finger-tips—fonder of extra-academical life than of Latin grammar and the dates of English history, an enthusiast in sports and holiday rambles, "an easy first" in puzzles, tricks, and conundrums, and a keen observer of "the wonders of nature." The school-boy's instincts indeed never died out of his heart, and no religious teacher of our day could win his way so quickly to a boy's confidence.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND'S UNIVERSITY LIFE.

He was but a lad of fifteen when he entered the University of Edinburgh in 1866. In his undergraduate course he gave no indication of achieving future distinction; nor indeed did his college contemporaries Robert Louis Stevenson and "Ian Maclaren." He did his class work conscientiously, but he was bitten with no enthusiasm for classical studies or philosophy. The only chair whose subject fascinated him was one outside the ordinary curriculum, the newly instituted chair of geology. Here he gained the class medal and formed a life-long friendship with the professor of geology, Sir Archibald Geikie. Outside the university class-rooms, the tall stripling, with his finely-cut features and athletic figure, was a *persona grata* in the social life of his fellow-students. His breezy sunniness, the kindliness of his fun and humor, the sparkle of his quiet remarks, and his never-failing courtesy and evenness of temper made him a favorite in every company. He was less versed in Thucydides and Kant than some of his companions, but then he knew about interesting books—Ruskin's and George Eliot's and Mark Twain's. No student could have been more human, more social, more alive to the interestingness of the world he lived in; but there was in Henry Drummond, even in those early days, an ethereal element which added piquancy to his personality.

In view of what has been so often and so justly said of the magnetic impressiveness of his platform speaking, it is worth while recalling that in his undergraduate years he was a successful mesmerist. One of his fellow-students he had so completely under his power, that by touching a certain spot on his head with his finger, he could make him do or say anything he willed—sometimes with grotesque results in the students' debating societies. On one occasion, a mesmerized subject mistook what Drummond wished him to do with the poker, and only by the exercise of a ready wit did the mesmerist avert a dangerous blow. Occasionally he was induced to delight an evening party with a mesmerizing *séance*, but from a conviction of the possible harm that might be done to the persons mesmerized, he had renounced the exercise of his peculiar gift long before the close of his student days.

Drummond entered the New College—the Edinburgh Theological Hall of the New Church of Scotland—in 1870, along with Dr. James Stalker and the friend of his boyhood in Stirling, Dr. John Watson. During the first three years of his theological course he still gave no sign of his brilliant future. He was a winsome personality, beloved by all, and sought after by the brightest students for his ever-delightful companionship; but he was no intellectual leader in those days. Like "Ian Maclaren," he had a keen interest in the great English writers of the Victorian era, but he never threw himself with zest into theological study. His chief academic ambition, even in his theological course, was to obtain the degree of doctor of science in the university.

A TERM OF STUDY IN GERMANY.

During the summer of 1873 he spent a semester at the University of Tübingen, in the heart of the charming scenery of the

Swabian Alps. It was my privilege to live under the same roof with him for those three months, and to cement a friendship which for four-and-twenty years has been one of the choicest blessings of my life. As with Scotch students, so with German *burschen*, Drummond, wherever he was known, was a universal favorite. He threw himself with his whole heart into the social life of the *burschen*, and was eagerly sought after by the German students for *kneipes*, for evening walks to the picturesque *wirthschaften* in the surrounding villages, and for holiday excursions to Lichtenstein, Hohenzollern, and the Schwarzwald. There were some dozen Scotch students in Tübingen that summer, and we all scored in the kindness accorded to us by the warm-hearted Teutons from our association with *Herr* Drummond. Not that Drummond impressed the German *theologs* with his intellectual power: he had a greater reputation as a consummate chess-player than as an expert in the New Testament criticism, for which Strauss, Baur, and Zeller had made Tübingen famous. It was his radiant personality that attracted the Germans, his perennial interestingness, the fascination of his manner, the charm of his character.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND IN 1875. AGE 24 YEARS.
From a photograph by Fergus, Greenock, Scotland.

One of the chief features of the social life of the University of Tübingen, as of Heidelberg and other German universities, is the existence of different clubs, with their distinctive caps and sashes, their weekly reunions (*kneipe*) in a restaurant (*wirthschaft*), and their natural rivalries and jealousies. The chief gymnastic exercise of the German students is *fechten* (fencing with a long thin rapier), and the skill acquired in the gymnasium is turned to account in the settlement of quarrels between the clubs. Twenty-five years ago not a week passed without a rapier duel (forbidden, at least nominally, by the university and police authorities) taking place between representatives of clubs or between individuals, in the woods behind a quiet village *wirthschaft*. These duels, which were attended with no serious danger to life, interested Drummond for the insight they gave into the life and temperament of the *burschen*. Oftener than once his friends in the clubs let him into the secret of the time and place of a duel, and in after years his keen observation of the extraordinary skill of the combatants (or athletes, I should rather say) in attack and defense provided him with striking illustrations in addressing young men on their struggle with temptation.

His interest in the workings of human nature sometimes would show itself in forms original as droll. Three of us were walking along a quaint Tübingen street to the university lecture-room. "How easily," said one, "a crowd can be gathered." "Yes," said Drummond, "just let us stop at this grating in the pavement and bend down with an intent look." In a minute or two a crowd was round us; we passed out of it; as it still gazed at the grating and still increased in size, Drummond looked back with an amused smile on his demonstration of the ease with which a crowd can be gathered.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND AND MR. MOODY.

During the New College session 1873–74, when Drummond was in his twenty-third year, came the turning-point in his career—the awakening of his intellectual life and the quickening of his spiritual enthusiasms. In the years when Drummond was at the university and the New College, there was a keen interest amongst the better students in the questions raised for debate between materialistic science and

spiritualistic philosophy and in the questions raised by the newer Biblical criticism. Drummond took no special interest in these discussions. Philosophy was simply a subject in the Arts curriculum which he had to "get up" for his degree. The theological atmosphere of the New College had been electrically charged by the influence of men like Professor Robertson Smith and Professor W. G. Elmslie, who had championed the newer views in the weekly meetings of the Theological Society; but Drummond stood aloof. He had little experience of religious doubt and struggle for faith; as far as outsiders could judge, he was content with the traditional evangelicalism of his church. Neither in the theological nor in the philosophical sphere had his intellectual awakening begun. Nor had he yet thrown himself with enthusiasm into any sphere of practical Christian activity. But from the session of 1873–74 he was another man—with the same fascinating personality, with his fascinating personality indeed indefinitely accentuated, but with a keenness of intellectual edge and with a contagious warmth of spiritual enthusiasm that excited the increasing wonder of his friends. The occasion—I will not say the cause, for Drummond himself would have been slow to admit as much—of this extraordinary renascence in his life was the first visit of Mr. D. L. Moody to Scotland.

Mr. Moody's evangelistic meetings were held in the Free Assembly Hall, which forms part of the New College buildings. He produced a deep and widespread impression upon the spiritual life of Edinburgh. Drummond was fascinated by the personality of the American evangelist, and was fairly caught in the sweep of the movement of which Mr. Moody was the center. Along with several of the foremost students in the New College, he took part in addressing evangelistic meetings. His power of impressive speech, and his gift of dealing with individuals in the inquiry-room, attracted Mr. Moody's notice, and nothing would satisfy the evangelist but that Drummond should consent to accompany him in his evangelistic tour and be especially an evangelist to young men. Drummond was within a few months of completing his theological course; but he was hot in this new work. He gave up his classes, and spent the next two years in evangelistic work among young men in the chief cities of Scotland, England, and Ireland. From 1874 onward, evangelism was the master passion of his life.

Even in those early years Drummond had his own message to deliver and his own way of delivering it. He had no quarrel with the traditional evangelicalism, but there were many points in traditional evangelicalism on which he simply laid no emphasis. He found the heart of Christianity in a personal friendship with Christ, and it was his ambition as an evangelist to introduce men to Christ. Friendship with Christ was the secret of a pure manhood and a beneficent life—the true strength for overcoming temptation and the true inspiration for manliness and goodness. It was a simple message; but, delivered with the thousand subtle influences radiating forth from his strong and rich personality, it evoked a wonderful response in the crowded meeting and in the quiet talk in the streets or in young men's lodgings. There was little dogmatic teaching in his message; it was not to a theological creed but to Christ he burned to get men introduced. He had little of the ecclesiastical instinct; what interested him was, not connection with an ecclesiastical organization, but that which constituted the heart of church fellowship and activity—a personal link with Christ. This was at the root of the extreme individualism of his earlier years. He had not learned, as he learned later, to appreciate the spiritual worth of organized social life, and he was quick to detect the weakness of churches and ecclesiastical methods. He was a man of one idea; the sphere of his vision was monopolized with the incomparable worth of the friendship of the individual with Christ. After all, a noble kind of individualism, and an individualism which goes far to explain his non-ecclesiastical temper and catholicity of spirit, and which goes far to explain also the success of his early evangelism.

DRUMMOND'S RARE INFLUENCE OVER MEN.

Mr. Drummond returned to Edinburgh in the autumn of 1876 to complete his theological course at the New College. His was already one of the best known names in the evangelistic world, but he bore himself with a modesty which was the constant admiration of his class fellows. Of the impression he produced upon his fellow-students in those months, it is difficult to speak without seeming to indulge in the language of exaggeration. To those of us who were privileged to enjoy his companionship in after-dinner walks in West Princes Street Gardens, or on quiet Sunday evenings in his rooms, the personal influence of Henry Drummond was a priceless

gift: he was so self-forgetting, so sympathetic, so brotherly, and there was about him such an atmosphere of the upper levels of life. "There are some men and women in whose company we are always at our best. While with them we cannot think mean thoughts or speak ungenerous words. Their mere presence is elevation, purification, sanctity. All the best stops in our nature are drawn out by their intercourse, and we find a music in our souls that was never there before." Such was Drummond himself in the closing months of his academic career.

Drummond knew, however, how to unbend from his strenuous seriousness. Nor could mere conventionalism deter him from giving outlet to his love of fun and adventure. After the close of their theological course, the members of the class met together in a hotel for a farewell supper. Alterations were going on in the hotel, and we were restrained in our mirth by the proximity of other guests in a part of the saloon curtained off. At Drummond's suggestion we resolved to adjourn outside the city altogether, to the solitudes of Arthur's Seat, where we should be untrammelled. Singing snatches of students' songs and Sankey's hymns by turn, we reached the summit of Arthur's Seat in the midnight hours, where, with the stars looking down on us and on the sleeping city which had nurtured our friendships, we heartened each other by song and speech for the unknown future that was awaiting us beyond the college walls.

During the winter of 1876-77, Drummond gathered round him several of his friends in the New College, and organized a series of Sunday evening meetings for students and other young men in the Gaiety Theater, opposite the Edinburgh University. Out of those meetings there grew up "a certain brotherhood, faithful in criticism, loyal in affection, tender in trouble," known to ourselves as the Gaiety brotherhood. The ten members, drawn

Prof. Geo. Adam Smith. Dr. James Stalker. Prof. Drummond Rev. D. M. Ross.
J. F. Ewing. Provost Swan. Rev. Frank Gordon R. W. Barbour.
Rev. Alex. Skene. Rev. James Brown.

A GROUP OF MEMBERS OF THE GAIETY CLUB.

From a photograph loaned by the Rev. D. M. Ross.

from different academic years, were linked together by religious affinities and by the memories of college friendships, under the presidency of a dear old Scotchman, Provost Swan of Kirkcaldy, at whose country house—Springfield—the first gatherings of the brotherhood took place. For more than twenty years the brotherhood has met in some quiet retreat for a week each season—a week which has been a big element in the intellectual and spiritual life of its members. The names of some of the brotherhood are known in America—Dr. James Stalker, Dr. John Watson, and Dr. George Adam Smith. In this little circle of old college friends Henry Drummond had a unique place. His mere presence was a perpetual benediction. His courtesy and thoughtfulness for others were unfailing; his playful humor was like glints of sunshine; and in the years when his name had become a household word in English-speaking countries, his forgetfulness of self was a rebuke to every vain and selfishly ambitious temper.

Drummond was a good talker; but what was more striking than his talk was his capacity for listening. There was a genuine modesty in him which made it easy for him to assume the attitude of a learner, even toward those whose knowledge gave them less right to speak than himself. He stooped to learn where another would have exalted himself to teach. Often it would happen that a theological discussion would go on for an hour or two in which Drummond took no part. He would lie back in an easy-chair listening in perfect silence. Then at the end he would ask a quiet question, or make an epigrammatic remark, which was more luminous than all our talk. Drummond was fond of a quiet tête-à-tête carried on to the early morning hours. With that modesty which never failed him, he assumed that his friend had much to teach him, and sat at his feet as a learner. It was himself probably, with his questions, suggestions, and caveats, who was kindling the light, but he put it down to the other's credit. There was a kind of witchery in his personality which drew the intellectual as well as moral best out of a man.

In the autumn of 1877 he began his work as a lecturer on natural science in the Free Church Theological Hall of Glasgow. He was in the habit of winding up the college session by inviting his class to a week's excursion in Arran for field work in the subjects of class study—geology, botany, and zoölogy. "We wound up with four days' geologizing in Arran, and had a glorious time. Eleven men mustered—the cream of the class, and we hammered the island almost to bits. Nothing left but the hotel and a ledge of rock to smoke on." Such days of companionship with this genial leader are a happy memory even for those who cared little for the paleozoic, mesozoic and cainozoic periods.

During all the years he was lecturer on science his heart was in evangelism. "I want a quiet mission somewhere, entry immediate, and self-contained if possible. Do you know such a place?" He found this quiet mission in Possil Park, where Dr. Marcus Dod's congregation were fostering a new church in a suburb inhabited by artisans. It was here that "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" had its genesis, as he tells in the preface: "It has been my privilege for some years to address regularly two very different audiences on two very different themes. On week days I have lectured to a class of students on the natural sciences, and on Sundays to an audience for the most part of workingmen on subjects of a moral and religious character. . . . The two fountains of knowledge began to overflow, and finally their waters met and mingled."

As to the impression produced by his ministry upon the artisans of Possil Park, a little incident which came to my knowledge is a more eloquent testimony than any labored description. A woman whose husband was dying came to Mr. Drummond late on a Saturday evening, and asked him to come to the house. "My husband is deein', sir; he's no' able to speak to you, and he's no' able to hear you; but I would like him to hae a breath o' you aboot him afore he dees."

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND AS AN AUTHOR.

Another stage in Mr. Drummond's career was marked by the publication in 1883 of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." For a year or two before its publication the "message" of the book lay upon him like the "burden" of an Old Testament prophet which he must somehow get uttered. In his evangelistic teaching there were two dominant thoughts—the distinctiveness of the Christian life and the reality of conversion. It broke upon him that both of these thoughts were vouched for by science. It was natural that he should exclaim with the enthusiasm of one who had made a great discovery, *Eureka!* If truths which were uncongenial not only to the world of scientific culture,

but even to large numbers of professing Christians, should turn out to be countenanced by the laws of science itself, there was here the possibility of an unexpected reconciliation of science and religion, and religion, too, in a somewhat exaggerated Calvinistic form. Mr. Drummond appealed to the gulf which separates the inorganic kingdom from the organic, in proof of the wideness of the gulf which separates the merely ethical life of man from the distinctively spiritual or Christian, and he appealed to the doctrine of biogenesis (that life can only come from life) in proof of the position that the distinctively spiritual life is a new creation let down suddenly into the natural ethical life. This is not the place to enter into a consideration of the validity of the arguments of "Natural Law." Mr. Drummond had himself ceased to attach much weight to the novelties in its teaching, by which many of its readers were attracted. He learned to appreciate better the deep affinities between the ethical and the spiritual life, and he also learned to appreciate better those elements of human personality, such as self-consciousness and volition, which make it impossible to interpret the moral and spiritual life of man by the help of nothing more than the categories of biological science.

But apart from its apologetic features, on which alone Mr. Drummond himself laid much stress, the book had extraordinary merits, both of style and of spiritual teaching, and deserved the popularity it speedily achieved. It was long, however, before the news of the sensation its publication created reached the author. Shortly after seeing it through the press he had started, at the request of a Glasgow merchant, on an exploring expedition into tropical Africa, the record of which is one of the most brilliant of books of travel. He has himself told us the strange circumstances in which he first heard of the reception of his volume. "For five months I never saw a letter nor a newspaper, and in my new work—I had gone to make a geological and botanical survey of this region—the book and its fate were alike forgotten. . . . I well remember when the first thunderbolt from the English critics penetrated my fastnesses. One night, an hour after midnight, my camp was suddenly roused by the apparition of three black messengers—despatched from the north end of Lake Nyassa by a friendly white—with the hollow skin of a tiger cat containing a small package of letters and papers. Lighting the lamp in my tent, I read the letters, and then turned over the newspapers—the first I had seen for many months. Among them was a copy of the 'Spectator' containing a review of 'Natural Law,' a review with criticism enough in it certainly to make one serious, but with that marvelous generosity and indulgence to an unknown author for which the 'Spectator' stands supreme in journalism."

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND AS A PREACHER.

The popularity of Professor Drummond on both sides of the Atlantic might well have turned the head of an ordinary man, but through it all he remained absolutely unspoiled, the same modest, unobtrusive friend as we knew him of old. His master passion was still evangelism. For years he was the unofficial preacher to the Edinburgh University in an unconsecrated building—the small, undignified Odd Fellows' Hall. He came from Glasgow for almost every Sunday during several winter sessions. There are scattered over the world to-day literally thousands of young men—ministers, doctors, teachers, lawyers, merchants—who owe the chief spiritual stimulus of their lives to these students' meetings. We have had great university preachers in our day and great university sermons, but no university preacher has done so much to quicken the spiritual life of a university as this unofficial preacher to the Edinburgh students, and no university sermons have gone home to the heart and inspired for service as his informal talks in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

Professor Drummond had qualifications for his work as Christ's evangelist to students. He believed in the glory and gladness of life; it was a wide, rich, and sunny life he lived himself. It was no gospel for ascetics he preached, but a gospel for youth with its genial energy and generous aspiration. It was no gospel for spiritual recluses, but for chivalrous youths eager to do some knightly service in the stout battle of life. His gospel was for the living present, and not merely for the dim and distant future. Salvation was the theme of his message, salvation, though, not as mere safety for the future, but as the saving of men's lives here and now, the winning of the true life of manhood—"a more abundant life, a life abundant in salvation for themselves and large in enterprise for the alleviation and redemption of the world."

A striking feature in Professor Drummond's career has been his hospitable atti-

tude toward new truth. He was a one-ideaed man in as far as he allowed the truth that was dominant at the moment to take possession of him, to the exclusion sometimes of complementary truths. But no one could have been readier to expect and prepare for new light. The series of booklets which he began to issue in 1889 reveals a wonderful growth in breadth of spiritual insight. In "Natural Law" he had laid an exaggerated emphasis upon the experience involved in sudden conversion; in his later teaching, the "catastrophic" interpretation of spiritual life falls into the background. But perhaps the most important change in Professor Drummond's teaching is the new emphasis he lays upon the social organism and social duty. In "Natural Law" and in the evangelism of that period the individual fills the sphere of his vision—the claim of God on the individual, the friendship of the individual with Christ, the growth of the individual in Christlikeness. But the religious individualism of the early period was enriched in his later years through a deeper understanding of the worth of the social organization for fostering the spiritual life of the individual and a heartier appreciation of the closeness of the connection between spiritual life and social service. If "Natural Law" represents exaggerated individualism, "The City without a Church" almost leans toward an exaggerated socialism. Anyhow, Professor Drummond has here broken away into a noble and inspiring conception of the social mission of Christianity. Some of the passages in this booklet are worthy of being put alongside the impassioned appeals of the great prophet of modern democracy—Joseph Mazzini; as, for example, the passage in which he pleads with Christians to ennoble their life as citizens with the spirit of civic patriotism: "To move among the people on the common street; to meet them in the market-place on equal terms; to live among them, not as saint or monk, but as brother man with brother man; to serve God, not with form or ritual, but in the free impulse of a soul; to bear the burdens of society and relieve its needs; to carry on the multitudinous activities of the city—social, commercial, political, philanthropic: this is the religion of the Son of Man and the only fitness for Heaven which has much reality in it. . . . Traveler to God's last city, be thankful that you are alive. Be thankful for the city at your doors and for the chance to build its walls a little higher before you go. Pray for yet a little while to redeem the wasted years. And week by week, as you go forth from worship, and day by day, as you awake to face this great and needy world, learn to 'seek a city' here, and in the service of its neediest citizen to find Heaven."

This growing appreciation of the social organism and of social duty throws light upon the *motif* of Professor Drummond's last and, whether we judge it by a literary or intellectual standard, his greatest book —"The Ascent of Man." His first book had been an apology from the side of science for two positions in his individualistic theory of religion—the distinctiveness of the Christian life and the reality of the sudden appearance of the spiritual life, or sudden conversion. His last book was an apology—again from the side of science—for the law of love, or "struggle for the life of others," as a law deeply embedded in the whole life of the universe. His first book was an apologetic for individualism, his last, an apologetic for socialism.

The delivery of the Lowell lectures on "The Ascent of Man" in 1893 was the last important event in Professor Drummond's public career. He put his strength into these lectures—urged thereto not only by his interest in the apologetic argument for the law of struggle for the life of others, but also by his regard for the audience before whom they were to be delivered. Professor Drummond was no stranger in America. In 1879 he had explored the Rocky Mountains on a geological expedition with Sir Archibald Geikie. Several years afterwards, he visited Northfield on Mr. Moody's invitation, and spent several months in the States, addressing meetings and delivering lectures. He had a genuine liking for America and Americans; he found himself in a congenial atmosphere in the lecture hall at Boston.

Before I refer to the last two years of Professor Drummond's life, it may interest the reader if I turn aside for a little and point out some features in his activity which throw light on his personality.

PERSONAL LIFE AND CHARACTER.

Though Drummond was one of the best known citizens of Glasgow and was keenly interested in the philanthropic and religious life of the city, he loved to live in the shade. Hostesses were eager to secure him for dinners and receptions, but he had a horror of being lionized. He had a power of brilliant talk, a perfection of social manner, and a wide knowledge of men and

cities that, had he cared, would have made him *the* man at the dinner table; but his modesty forbade him to seek to shine. To the distress of entertainers who knew his attractiveness, he shunned "society" functions and preferred a quiet talk, with four feet on the fender. He was in demand as a speaker or chairman at public meetings to draw an audience, but unless he had some special message he wished to deliver, he declined such requests, and would go off, instead, to some little meeting in an obscure hall to encourage a down-hearted worker. But if he avoided the public platform, where he felt no special call to speak, he loved to be in touch with the life of the people. Often he would slink away of a Saturday afternoon to some football field in the East End, where he could find himself (to use one of his own picturesque phrases) "the only man with a collar in the whole crowd." He cared as little for great ecclesiastical as for great social functions, but his friends could count upon him turning up at odd functions in the underground life of the people—such as "Pleasant Sunday Afternoon Services" for canal boatmen or evangelistic meetings for thieves and ex-convicts.

Drummond was at home amongst boys. Watching a cricket or football match, he forgot that he was a professor and became a boy again. He had a rich repertoire of conundrums, incidents of adventure, and thrilling ghost stories. In the country a cowslip or an elm-tree in blossom would give him a text for explaining the wonderful devices of nature for the fertilization of flowers. At the fireside or in the woods he never failed to excite the enthusiasm of boys. The poor boys of Glasgow stirred his interest. He had at one time designed a special basket for message boys, to lighten the burden of little fellows struggling under ill-adjusted loads. By his pen and by his addresses he rendered invaluable service to a modern institution—the Boys' Brigade—which has done much for the well-being of thousands of the lads of our cities, and it was fitting that the body of the Boys' Friend should have been laid to rest in Stirling cemetery to the sound of the bugles of the Boys' Brigade.

The ordeal of criticism to which the man and his teaching were subjected for years gave Drummond an opportunity of revealing the strength and beauty of his character. No bitter word did he ever write or speak in reply to his most merciless or ungenerous critics. In his earlier years he was the darling of the evangelistic world. In later years the broadness of his teaching alarmed many of his former admirers, and some of the religious papers attacked him with a fierceness which bordered on malignity. I know how some of the attacks, imputing unworthy motives and traducing his character, made Drummond's sensitive nature wince; but not only did he not break the silence, but he nourished no bitter grudge in his heart. One instance of his magnanimity to an opponent may be worth recalling. A very able theologian had reviewed in the pages of an influential journal the booklet "The City without a Church," not only in a trenchant, but in a somewhat personally bitter fashion. "What ails So-and-so at me?" was Drummond's comment to a mutual friend; and when he was asked a few weeks afterward by an American theological college to recommend a Scottish theologian for a course of lectures, he named his castigator.

Drummond was a hard worker, but he knew the value of recreation as an intellectual tonic. His favorite pastime was salmon or trout fishing on a lonely Highland loch. He appreciated the solitudes of nature as keenly as the roar of the tide of life in a great city. If there was finished grace in his writing and speaking, there was a finished grace even in his casting of a line. But even more striking than his skilful angling was his happy way with his boatman. With a courtesy and brotherliness which were conspicuous in his bearing toward servants, he would win the boatman's confidence, and learn the story of his life, long before the day's sport was over; he would tell him interesting facts about birds and flowers and insects, and retail stories for his information and amusement, and in the evening the fortunate boatman would gladden his own fireside with an account of a happy day's experience. Drummond preached the duty of making others happy in the common intercourse of life, and what he preached he himself practised.

From the beginning of 1895, Professor Drummond was the victim of pain and weakness. His disease, which baffled medical diagnosis, seized upon the muscles and bones of the trunk of the body, and rendered him, for the most part, a helpless invalid. His illness was but a fresh opportunity for the revelation of the beauty of his character and the charm of his personality. To the last he kept up his interest in what was going on in the intellectual and political world, and his interest in the movements of his friends was as lively as if he had been the strong one caring for,

the weak. His sick-room was, as I have said, a kind of temple, where one was made aware of the sacred beauty of a spirit that had triumphed over earth's sufferings and disappointments. "Here I am," he said to me on my last visit to him, in December, "here I am, getting kindness upon kindness from my friends, and giving nothing in return." Little did he suspect how much he gave his friends in an hour's talk from his air couch. His kindly humor never failed him. At Christmas, 1895, he sent his friends as a Christmas card a photograph of himself in a bath-chair, with these words written in pencil underneath: "The Descent of Man." In his pain and weariness a good story was a physical fillip; his sick-room became a sort of center for the receiving and distributing of stories. He looked forward to the recovery of strength and the resumption of work, but the end came suddenly, and on March 11th one of the purest, brightest, and most lovable spirits that have ever gladdened God's world passed to

> Such great offices as suit
> The full-grown energies of Heaven.

In estimating Professor Drummond's influence as a spiritual teacher—it is as spiritual teacher, not as scientist or speculative thinker, that his chief work has been done—I single out one or two of the more obvious characteristics of his teaching. For one thing, there is "atmosphere" in his work. Much is said, and too much cannot be said, of the lucidity and beauty of his style. His style is the reflection of a lucid and beautiful spirit. His readers are made to feel that they are in the company of a man who breathes the pure air of that spiritual world which is the home of fair visions and noble thoughts. The restfulness of his spiritual aspiration is specially attractive. One can hear the panting of St. Augustine, and see the strained muscle of John Henry Newman, but in Professor Drummond one is reminded rather of the spiritual calm of the Early Ministry by the Sea of Galilee. Again, his work has the "note" of originality. This quality is reflected in his style; there is scarcely a hackneyed phrase in his pages. His readers may wish that he would look at his subject in more aspects than he does, but then they may be sure of this, that he has himself *seen* whatever aspect of the subject he handles. He reports what of the spiritual world he knows—not what other people have reported, or what his critics would like him to report. He is a *seer*, and his teaching is all the more valuable because he has resolutely refused to go beyond his own vision of truth. The onesidedness of his teaching—of which, not altogether without ground, complaint is made—is but the shadow cast by that originality which is a hundred-fold more effective for spiritual teaching than balanced views and rounded systems. Another characteristic of his teaching is its catholicity—its singular freedom from theological provincialism. He uses the language, not of the sects or schools, but of Christendom. He is as readily understood in Sweden and Germany as in Scotland and America. He had a wide experience of human life. He had traveled in nearly every country on the globe, and been in contact with all grades of civilization and culture. He had been a lecturer on science and a city missionary; he had been an African explorer and an itinerant evangelist; he had preached to the denizens of the slums and to the flower of the aristocracy of Britain; he had been the friend of workingmen and the companion of statesmen. A "citizen of the world" with so varied a knowledge of life could not well be provincial, but the catholicity of his teaching had its deepest root in an understanding of the spirit of Him in whom there is "neither Greek nor barbarian, bond nor free."

But more striking than all his teaching was the personality of the teacher. The character of Henry Drummond has been a great gift of God to our generation. All unconsciously he has himself given us the truest sketch of his character we are ever likely to have. His booklet "The Greatest Thing in the World"—an exposition of St. Paul's great hymn in praise of love in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians—has been taken more warmly to the heart of Christendom than any other religious book of recent years. It is a singularly beautiful filling in of St. Paul's outline of the Christian character. As those of us who knew what manner of man the writer had been amid the strain and stress of the world's work and temptation read the pages of his booklet, we turned instinctively to his own life as the best commentary on his words. Some of us can never read St. Paul's immortal chapter without recalling "The Greatest Thing in the World," and can never read "The Greatest Thing in the World" without recalling how the love there described with a felicity of language as remarkable as the spiritual glow of the teaching, irradiated his own personality and life.

THE TWO BARKS.

A TALE OF THE HIGH SEAS.

By A. Conan Doyle,

Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," "Rodney Stone," etc.

CAREENING was a very necessary operation for the old pirate. On his superior speed he depended both for overhauling the trader and escaping the man-of-war. But it was impossible to retain his sailing qualities unless he periodically—once a year at the least—cleared his bottom from the long trailing plants and crusting barnacles which gather so rapidly in the tropical seas. For this purpose he lightened his vessel, thrust her into some narrow inlet where she would be left high and dry at low water, fastened blocks and tackles to her masts to pull her over on to her bilge, and then scraped her thoroughly from rudder-post to cut-water.

During the weeks which were thus occupied the ship was, of course, defenceless; but, on the other hand, she was unapproachable by anything heavier than an empty hull, and the place for careening was chosen with an eye to secrecy, so that there was no great danger. So secure did the captains feel, that it was not uncommon for them at such times to leave their ships under a sufficient guard and to start off in the long-boat either upon a sporting expedition or, more frequently, upon a visit to some outlying town, where they turned the heads of the women by their swaggering gallantry, or broached pipes of wine in the market square, with a threat to pistol all who would not drink with them.

Sometimes they would even appear in cities of the size of Charleston, and walk the streets with their clattering sidearms, an open scandal to the whole law-abiding colony. Such visits were not always paid with impunity. It was one of them, for example, which provoked Lieutenant Maynard to hack off Blackbeard's head and to spear it upon the end of his bowsprit. But, as a rule, the pirate ruffled and bullied and drabbed without let or hindrance, until it was time for him to go back to his ship once more.

There was one pirate, however, who never crossed even the skirts of civilization, and that was the sinister Sharkey, of the bark "Happy Delivery." It may have been from his morose and solitary temper, or, as it is more probable, that he knew that his name upon the coast was such that outraged humanity would, against all odds, have thrown themselves upon him, but never once did he show his face in a settlement.

When his ship was laid up he would leave her under the charge of Ned Galloway, her New England quartermaster, and would take long voyages in his boat, sometimes, it was said, for the purpose of burying his share of the plunder, and sometimes to shoot the wild oxen of Hispaniola, which, when dressed and barbecued, provided provisions for his next voyage. In the latter case the bark would come round to some prearranged spot to pick him up and take on board what he had shot.

There had always been a hope in the islands that Sharkey might be taken on one of these occasions, and at last there came news to Kingston which seemed to justify an attempt upon him. It was brought by an elderly logwood-cutter who had fallen into the pirate's hands and in some freak of drunken benevolence had been allowed to get away with nothing worse than a slit nose and a drubbing. His account was recent and definite. The "Happy Delivery" was careening at Torbec on the southwest of Hispaniola. Sharkey, with four men, was buccaneering on the outlying island of La Vache. The blood of a hundred murdered crews was calling out for vengeance, and now at last it seemed as if it might not call in vain.

Sir Edward Compton, the high-nosed, red-faced governor, sitting in solemn conclave with the commandant and the head of the council, was sorely puzzled in his mind as to how he should use this chance. There was no man-of-war nearer than Jamestown, and she was a clumsy old fly-boat, which could neither overhaul the pirate on the seas, nor reach her in a shallow inlet. There were forts and artillerymen both at Kingston and Port Royal, but no soldiers available for an expedition.

A private venture might be fitted out, and there were many who had a blood-feud with Sharkey—but what could a pri-

vate venture do? The pirates were numerous and desperate. As to taking Sharkey and his four companions, that, of course, would be easy if they could get at them, but how were they to get at them on a large, well-wooded island like La Vache, full of wild hills and impenetrable jungles? A reward was offered to whoever could find a solution, and that brought a man to the front who had a singular plan and was himself prepared to carry it out.

Stephen Craddock had been that most formidable person, the Puritan gone wrong. Sprung from a decent Salem family, his ill-doing seemed to be a recoil from the austerity of their religion, and he brought to vice all the physical strength and energy with which the virtues of his ancestors had endowed him. He was ingenious, fearless, and exceedingly tenacious of purpose, so that when he was still young his name became notorious upon the American coast.

He was the same Craddock who was tried for his life in Virginia for the slaying of the Seminole chief, and though he escaped, it was well known that he had corrupted the witnesses and bribed the judge.

Afterwards, as a slaver, and even, as it was hinted, as a pirate, he had left an evil name behind him in the Bight of Benin. Finally he had returned to Jamaica with a considerable fortune, and had settled down to a life of sombre dissipation. This was the man, gaunt, austere, and dangerous, who now waited upon the governor with a plan for the extirpation of Sharkey.

Sir Edward received him with little enthusiasm, for in spite of some rumors of conversion and reformation, he had always regarded him as an infected sheep who might taint the whole of his little flock. Craddock saw the governor's mistrust under his thin veil of formal and restrained courtesy.

"You've no call to fear me, sir," said he; "I'm a changed man from what you've known. I've seen the light again of late, after losing sight of it for many a black year. It was through the ministration of the Rev. John Simons, of our own people. Sir, if your own spirit should be in need of quickening, you would find a very sweet savor in his discourse."

The governor cocked his Episcopalian nose at him.

"You came here to speak of Sharkey, Master Craddock," said he.

"The man Sharkey is a vessel of wrath," said Craddock. "His wicked horn has been exalted over long, and it is borne in upon me that if I can cut him off and utterly destroy him, it will be a goodly deed, and one which may atone for many backslidings in the past. A plan has been given to me whereby I may encompass his destruction."

The governor was keenly interested, for there was a grim and practical air about the man's freckled face which showed that he was in earnest. After all, he was a seaman and a fighter, and, if it were true that he was eager to atone for his past, no better man could be chosen for the business.

"This will be a dangerous task, Master Craddock," said he.

"If I meet my death at it, it may be that it will cleanse the memory of an ill-spent life. I have much to atone for."

The governor did not see his way to contradict him.

"What was your plan?" he asked.

"You have heard that Sharkey's bark, the 'Happy Delivery,' came from this very port of Kingston?"

"It belonged to Mr. Codrington, and it was taken by Sharkey, who scuttled his own sloop and moved into her because she was faster," said Sir Edward.

"Yes; but it may be that you have never heard that Mr. Codrington has a sister ship, the 'White Rose,' which lies even now in the harbor, and which is so like the pirate that, if it were not for a white paint line, none could tell them apart."

"Ah! and what of that?" asked the governor keenly, with the air of one who is just on the edge of an idea.

"By the help of it this man shall be delivered into our hands."

"And how?"

"I will paint out the streak upon the 'White Rose,' and make it in all things like the 'Happy Delivery.' Then I will set sail for the island of La Vache, where this man is slaying the wild oxen. When he sees me he will surely mistake me for his own vessel, which he is awaiting, and he will come on board to his own undoing."

It was a simple plan, and yet it seemed to the governor that it might be effective. Without hesitation he gave Craddock permission to carry it out, and to take any steps he liked in order to further the object which he had in view. Sir Edward was not very sanguine, for many attempts had been made upon Sharkey, and their results had shown that he was as cunning as he was ruthless. But this gaunt Puritan with the evil record was cunning and ruthless also.

The contest of wits between two such

men as Sharkey and Craddock appealed to the governor's acute sense of sport, and though he was inwardly convinced that the chances were against him, he backed his man with the same loyalty which he would have shown to his horse or his cock.

Haste was, above all things, necessary, for upon any day the careening might be finished, and the pirates out at sea once more. But there was not very much to do, and there were many willing hands to do it, so the second day saw the "White Rose" beating out for the open sea. There were many seamen in the port who knew the lines and rig of the pirate bark, and not one of them could see the slightest difference in this counterfeit. Her white side line had been painted out, her masts and yards were smoked to give them the dingy appearance of the weather-beaten rover, and a large diamond-shaped patch was let into her foretopsail.

Her crew were volunteers, many of them being men who had sailed with Stephen Craddock before; the mate, Joshua Hird, an old slaver, had been his accomplice in many voyages, and came now at the bidding of his chief.

The avenging bark sped across the Caribbean Sea, and, at the sight of that patched topsail, the little craft which they met flew left and right like frightened trout in a pool. On the fourth evening Point Abacou bore five miles to the north and east of them.

On the fifth they were at anchor in the Bay of Tortoises at the island of La Vache, where Sharkey and his four men had been hunting. It was a well-wooded place, with the palms and underwood growing down to the thin crescent of silver sand which skirted the shore. They had hoisted the black flag and the red pennant, but no answer came from the shore. Craddock strained his eyes, hoping every instant to see a boat shoot out to them with Sharkey seated in the sheets. But the night passed away, and a day, and yet another night, without any sign of the men whom they were endeavoring to trap. It looked as if they were already gone.

On the second morning Craddock went ashore in search of some proof whether Sharkey and his men were still upon the island. What he found reassured him greatly. Close to the shore was a boucan of green wood, such as was used for preserving the meat, and a great store of barbecued strips of ox-flesh was hung upon lines all around it. The pirate ship had not taken off her provisions, and therefore the hunters were still upon the island.

Why had they not shown themselves? Was it that they had detected that this was not their own ship? Or was it that they were hunting in the interior of the island, and were not on the lookout for a ship yet? Craddock was still hesitating between the two alternatives, when a Carib Indian came down with information. The pirates were in the island, he said, and their camp was a day's march from the sea. They had stolen his wife, and the marks of their stripes were still pink upon his brown back. Their enemies were his friends, and he would lead them to where they lay.

Craddock could not have asked for anything better; so early next morning, with a small party armed to the teeth, he set off under the guidance of the Carib. All day they struggled through brushwood and clambered over rocks, pushing their way farther and farther into the desolate heart of the island. Here and there they found traces of the hunters, the bones of a slain ox, or the marks of feet in a morass, and once, towards evening, it seemed to some of them that they heard the distant rattle of guns.

That night they spent under the trees, and pushed on again with the earliest light. About noon they came to the huts of bark which, the Carib told them, were the camp of the hunters, but they were silent and deserted. No doubt their occupants were away at the hunt and would return in the evening, so Craddock and his men lay in ambush in the brushwood around them. But no one came, and another night was spent in the forest. Nothing more could be done, and it seemed to Craddock that after the two days' absence it was time that he returned to his ship once more.

The return journey was less difficult, as they had already blazed a path for themselves. Before evening they found themselves once more at the Bay of Tortoises, and saw their ship riding at anchor where they had left her. Their boat and oars had been hauled up among the bushes, so they launched it and pulled out to the bark.

"No luck, then!" cried Joshua Hird, the mate, looking down with a pale face from the poop.

"His camp was empty, but he may come down to us yet," said Craddock, with his hand on the ladder.

Somebody upon deck began to laugh.

"I think," said the mate, "that these men had better stay in the boat."

"Why so?"

"If you will come aboard, sir, you will

understand it." He spoke in a curious, hesitating fashion.

The blood flushed to Craddock's gaunt face.

"How is this, Master Hird?" he cried, springing up the side. "What mean you by giving orders to my boat's crew?"

But as he passed over the bulwarks, with one foot upon the deck, and one knee upon the rail, a tow-bearded man, whom he had never before observed aboard his vessel, grabbed suddenly at his pistol. Craddock clutched at the fellow's wrist, but at the same instant his mate snatched the cutlass from his side.

"What roguery is this?" shouted Craddock, looking furiously around him. But the crew stood in little knots about the deck, laughing and whispering amongst themselves without showing any desire to go to his assistance. Even in that hurried glance Craddock noticed that they were dressed in the most singular manner, with long riding coats, full-skirted velvet gowns, and colored ribbands at their knees, more like men of fashion than seamen.

As he looked at their grotesque figures he struck his brow with his clenched fist to be sure that he was awake. The deck seemed to be much dirtier than when he had left it, and there were strange, sun-blackened faces turned upon him from every side. Not one of them did he know, save only Joshua Hird. Had the ship been captured in his absence? Were these Sharkey's men who were around him? At the thought he broke furiously away and tried to climb over to his boat, but a dozen hands were on him in an instant, and he was pushed aft through the open door of his own cabin.

And it was all different to the cabin which he had left. The floor was different, the ceiling was different, the furniture was different. His had been plain and austere. This was sumptuous and yet dirty, hung with rare velvet curtains splashed with wine stains, and panelled with costly woods which were pocked with pistol marks.

On the table was a great chart of the Caribbean Sea, and beside it, with compasses in his hand, sat a clean-shaven, pale-faced man with a fur cap and a claret-colored coat of damask. Craddock turned white under his freckles as he looked upon the long, thin, high-nostriled nose and the red-rimmed eyes which were turned upon him with the fixed humorous gaze of the master player who has left his opponent without a move.

"Sharkey!" cried Craddock.

Sharkey's thin lips opened and he broke into his high, sniggering laugh.

"You fool!" he cried, and, leaning over, he stabbed Craddock's shoulder again and again with his compasses. "You poor, dull-witted fool, would you match yourself against me?"

It was not the pain of the wounds, but it was the contempt in Sharkey's voice which turned Craddock into a savage madman. He flew at the pirate, roaring with rage, striking, kicking, writhing, and foaming. It took six men to drag him down on to the floor amidst the splintered remains of the table—and not one of the six who did not bear the prisoner's mark upon him. But Sharkey still surveyed him with the same contemptuous eye. From outside there came the crash of breaking wood and the clamor of startled voices.

"What is that?" asked Sharkey.

"They have stove the boat with cold shot, and the men are in the water."

"Let them stay there," said the pirate. "Now, Craddock, you know where you are. You are aboard my ship, the 'Happy Delivery,' and you lie at my mercy. I knew you for a stout seaman, you rogue, before you took to this long-shore canting. Your hands then were no cleaner than my own. Will you sign articles, as your mate has done, and join us, or shall I heave you over to follow your ship's company?"

"Where is my ship?" asked Craddock.

"Scuttled in the bay."

"And the hands?"

"In the bay, too."

"Then I'm for the bay also."

"Hock him and heave him over," said Sharkey.

Many rough hands had dragged Craddock out upon deck, and Galloway, the quartermaster, had already drawn his hanger to cripple him, when Sharkey came hurrying from his cabin with an eager face.

"We can do better with the hound," he cried. "Sink me if it is not a rare plan. Throw him into the sailroom with the irons on, and do you come here, quartermaster, that I may tell you what I have in my mind."

So Craddock, bruised and wounded in soul and body, was thrown into the dark sailroom, so fettered that he could not stir hand or foot. But his Northern blood was running strong in his veins, and his grim spirit aspired only to make such an ending as might go some way towards atoning for the evil of his life. All night he lay in the curve of the bilge, listening

to the rush of the water and the straining of the timbers, which told him that the ship was at sea and driving fast. In the early morning some one came crawling to him in the darkness over the heaps of sails.

"Here's rum and biscuits," said the voice of his late mate. "It's at the risk of my life, Master Craddock, that I bring them to you."

"It was you who trapped me and caught me as in a snare," cried Craddock. "How shall you answer for what you have done?"

"What I did I did with the point of a knife betwixt my blade bones."

"God forgive you for a coward, Joshua Hird! How came you into their hands?"

"Why, Master Craddock, the pirate ship came back from its careening upon the very day that you left us. They laid us aboard, and, short-handed as we were, with the best of the men ashore with you, we could offer but a poor defence. Some were cut down, and they were the happiest. The others were killed afterwards. As to me, I saved my life by signing on with them."

"And they scuttled my ship?"

"They scuttled her, and then Sharkey and his men, who had been watching us from the brushwood, came off to the ship. His main yard had been cracked and fished last voyage, so he had suspicions of us, seeing that ours was whole. Then he thought of laying the same trap for you which you had set for him."

Craddock groaned.

"How came I not to see that fished mainyard?" he muttered. "But whither are we bound?"

"We are running north and west."

"North and west! Then we are heading back towards Jamaica."

"With an eight-knot wind."

"Have you heard what they mean to do with me?"

"I have not heard. If you would but sign the articles—"

"Enough, Joshua Hird! I have risked my soul too often."

"As you wish. I have done what I could. Farewell!"

All that night and the next day the "Happy Delivery" ran before the easterly trades, and Stephen Craddock lay in the dark of the sailroom, working patiently at his wrist irons. One he had slipped off at the cost of a row of broken and bleeding knuckles, but, do what he would, he could not free the other, and his ankles were securely fastened.

From hour to hour he heard the swish of the water, and knew that the bark must be driving with all set in front of the trade wind. In that case they must be nearly back again to Jamaica by now. What plan could Sharkey have in his head, and what use did he hope to make of him? Craddock set his teeth, and vowed that if he had once been a villain from choice he would, at least, never be one by compulsion.

On the second morning Craddock became aware that sail had been reduced in the vessel, and that she was tacking slowly, with a light breeze on her beam. The varying slope of the sailroom and the sounds from the deck told his practised senses exactly what she was doing. The short reaches showed him that she was manœuvring near shore and making for some definite point. If so, she must have reached Jamaica. But what could she be doing there?

And then suddenly there was a burst of hearty cheering from the deck, and then the crash of a gun above his head, and then the answering booming of guns from far over the water. Craddock sat up and strained his ears. Was the ship in action? Only the one gun had been fired, and though many had answered there were none of the crashings which told of a shot coming home.

Then, if it was not an action, it must be a salute. But who would salute Sharkey, the pirate? It could only be another pirate ship which would do so. So Craddock lay back again with a groan, and continued to work at the manacle which still held his right wrist.

But suddenly there came the shuffling of steps outside, and he had hardly time to wrap the loose links round his free hand, when the door was unbolted and two pirates came in. "Got your hammer, carpenter?" asked one, whom Craddock recognized as the big quartermaster. "Knock off his leg shackles, then. Better leave the bracelets—he's safer with them on." With hammer and chisel the carpenter loosened the irons.

"What are you going to do with me?" asked Craddock.

"Come on deck, and you'll see." The sailor seized him by the arm, and dragged him roughly to the foot of the companion. Above him was a square of blue sky cut across by the mizzen gaff, with the colors flying at the peak. But it was the sight of those colors which struck the breath from Stephen Craddock's lips. For there

were two of them, and the British ensign was flying above the Jolly Rodger—the honest flag above that of the rogue.

For an instant Craddock stopped in amazement, but a brutal push from the pirates behind drove him up the companion ladder. As he stepped out upon deck, his eyes turned up to the main, and there again were the British colors flying above the red pennant, and all the shrouds and rigging were garlanded with streamers.

Had the ship been taken, then? But that was impossible, for there were the pirates clustering in swarms along the port bulwarks, and waving their hats joyously in the air. Most prominent of all was the renegade mate, standing on the foc'sle head, and gesticulating wildly. Craddock looked over the side to see what they were cheering at, and then in a flash he saw how critical was the moment.

On the port bow, and about a mile off, lay the white houses and forts of Port Royal, with flags breaking out everywhere over their roofs. Right ahead was the opening of the palisades leading to the town of Kingston. Not more than a quarter of a mile off was a small sloop working out against the very slight wind. The British ensign was at her peak, and her rigging was all decorated. On her deck could be seen a dense crowd of people cheering and waving their hats, and the gleam of scarlet told that there were officers of the garrison among them.

In an instant, with the quick perception of a man of action, Craddock saw through it all. Sharkey, with that diabolical cunning and audacity which were among his main characteristics, was simulating the part which Craddock would himself have played, had he come back victorious. It was in *his* honor that the salutes were firing and the flags flying. It was to welcome *him* that this ship with the governor, the commandant, and the chiefs of the island were approaching. In another ten minutes they would all be under the guns of the "Happy Delivery," and Sharkey would have won the greatest stake that ever a pirate played for yet.

"Bring him forward," cried the pirate captain, as Craddock appeared between the carpenter and the quartermaster. "Keep the ports closed, but clear away the port guns, and stand by for a broadside. Another two cable lengths and we have them."

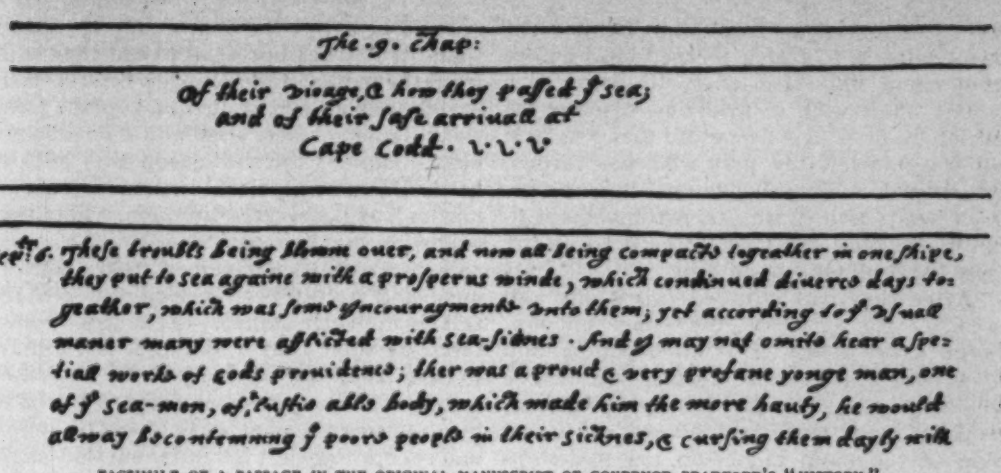
"They are edging away," said the boatswain. "I think they smell us."

"That's soon set right," said Sharkey, turning his filmy eyes upon Craddock. "Stand there, you—right there, where they can recognize you, with your hand on the guy, and wave your hat to them. Quick, or your brains will be over your coat. Put an inch of your knife into him, Ned. Now, will you wave your hat? Try him again, then. Heh, shoot him! stop him!"

But it was too late. Relying upon the manacles, the quartermaster had taken his hands for a moment off Craddock's arm. In that instant he had flung off the carpenter and, amid a spatter of pistol bullets, had sprung the bulwarks and was swimming for his life. He had been hit and hit again, but it takes many pistols to kill a resolute and powerful man who has his mind set upon doing something before he dies. He was a strong swimmer, and, in spite of the red trail which he left in the water behind him, he was rapidly increasing his distance from the pirate.

"Give me a musket!" cried Sharkey, with a savage oath.

He was a famous shot, and his iron nerves never failed him in an emergency. The dark head appearing on the crest of a roller, and then swooping down on the other side, was already half way to the sloop. Sharkey dwelled long upon his aim before he fired. With the crack of the gun the swimmer reared himself up in the water, waved his hands in a gesture of warning, and roared out in a voice which rang over the bay. Then, as the sloop swung round her headsails, and the pirate fired an impotent broadside, Stephen Craddock, smiling grimly in his death agony, sank slowly down to that golden couch which glimmered far beneath him.



The 9. chap:

Of their voyage, & how they passed ye sea; and of their safe arrivall at Cape Codd. v.v.v

Sept. 6. These troubls being blowne over, and now all being compacted togeather in one ship, they put to sea againe with a prosperus winde, which continued diverce days to: gether, which was some encouragments vnto them; yet according to ye vsuall maner many were afflicted with sea-sickines. And I may not omite here a spe: tiall work of gods providence; ther was a proud & very profane yonge man, one of ye sea-men, of a lusty able body, which made him the more hauty, he would alway be contemning ye poore people in their sicknes, & cursing them dayly with

FACSIMILE OF A PASSAGE IN THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF GOVERNOR BRADFORD'S "HISTORY."

THE LOG OF THE "MAYFLOWER."

GOVERNOR BRADFORD'S LOST "HISTORY OF PLYMOUTH PLANTATION."

THE State of Massachusetts has lately recovered as a friendly gift from England the original manuscript of the "History of Plymouth Plantation," written by William Bradford, one of the founders and second governor of the colony. During the Revolution the manuscript disappeared from the New England Library in the Old South Church, Boston, where it had been deposited, and it was regarded as forever lost. But in 1855 Samuel G. Drake discovered it in the Bishop of London's Library at Fulham, England. How it came there no one knows. The discovery was an event of great historical importance; for while several early historians had had access to the manuscript and had made liberal use of it, the larger part of it had not been published at the time it disappeared, and it is, for the period it covers, the first and almost the only authority. The return of the original manuscript, written in Governor Bradford's own hand, to its natural and proper home, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, is, therefore, an incident of no ordinary interest. There have been two publications of the complete work since its recovery: one in 1856, by the Massachusetts Historical Society; and, recently, a beautiful reproduction in facsimile of the original manuscript, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Neither of these, however, renders it accessible to the general reader. Herewith are given the chapters in which Governor Bradford relates the passage of the "Mayflower" and the first landing and settlement of the Pilgrims on the shores of Cape Cod Bay.—EDITOR.

THE 9 CHAP.

OF THEIR VOYAGE AND HOW THEY PASSED THE SEA; AND OF THEIR SAFE ARRIVAL AT CAPE COD.

SEPT. 6th [1620 O. S.].—These troubles being blown over, and now being all compacted together in one ship, they put to sea again with a prosperous wind, which continued divers days together, which was some encouragement unto them; yet according to the usual manner many were afflicted with sea-sickness. And I may not omit here a special mark of God's providence: there was a proud, a very profane young man, one of the seamen, of a lusty able body, which made him the more haughty. He would alway be condemning the poor people in their sickness, and cursing them daily with grievous execrations; and did not let to tell them, that he hoped to help cast half of them overboard before they came to their journey's end, and to make merry with what they had; and if he were by any

gently reproved, he would curse and swear most bitterly. But it pleased God before they came half seas over, to smite this young man with a grievous disease, of which he died in a desperate manner; and so was himself the first who was thrown overboard. Thus his curses light on his own head; and it was an astonishment to all his fellows, for they noted it to be the just hand of God upon him.

After they had enjoyed fair winds and weather for a season, they were encountered many times with cross-winds, and met with many fierce storms, with which the ship was shroudly [sharply] shaken, and her lower works made very leaky, and one of the main beams in the mid-ships was lowered and cracked, which put them in some fear, that the ship could not be able to perform the voyage. . . .

But to omit other things (that I may be brief), after long beating at sea, they fell with that land which is called Cape Cod; the which being made, and certainly known to be it, they were not a little joyful. After some deliberation had amongst themselves, and with the master of the ship, they tacked about, and resolved to stand for the southward (the wind and weather being fair), to find some place about Hudson's River for their habitation. But after they had sailed that course about half the day, they fell amongst dangerous shoals and roaring breakers, and they were so far entangled therewith as they conceived themselves in great danger, and the wind shrinking upon them withal, they resolved to bear up again for the Cape; and thought themselves happy to get out of these dangers, before night overtook them, as by God's good providence they did. And the next day they got into the Cape harbor, where they rid in safety. . . .

But here I cannot but stay and make a pause, and stand half amazed at this poor people's present condition; and so I think will the reader, too, when he well considers the same. Being thus passed the vast ocean, and a sea of troubles before in their preparation (as may be remembered by that which went before), they had now no friends to welcome them, nor inns to entertain or refresh their weather-beaten bodies, no houses, or much less towns to repair to, to seek for succor. . . . And for the season, it was winter; and they that know the winters of the country know them to be sharp and violent and subject to cruel and fierce storms, daanerous to travel to known places, much more to search an unknown coast. . . .

If it be said they had a ship to succor them, it is true; but what heard they daily from the master and company but that with speed they should look out a place (with their shallop) where they would be, at some near distance; for the season was such as he would not stir from thence till a safe harbor was discovered by them, where they would be, and he might go without danger; and that victuals consumed apace, but he must and would keep sufficient for themselves on their return. Yea, it was muttered by some that if they got not a place in time, they would turn them and their goods ashore and leave them. Let it be also considered what weak hopes of supply and succor they left behind them that might bear up their minds in this sad condition and trials they were under; and they could not but be very small. . . .

What could now sustain them but the spirit of God and his grace? May not and ought not the children of these fathers rightly say, our fathers were *Englishmen which came over this great ocean, and were ready to perish in this wilderness; but they cried unto the Lord, and He heard their voices and looked on their adversity.* . . .

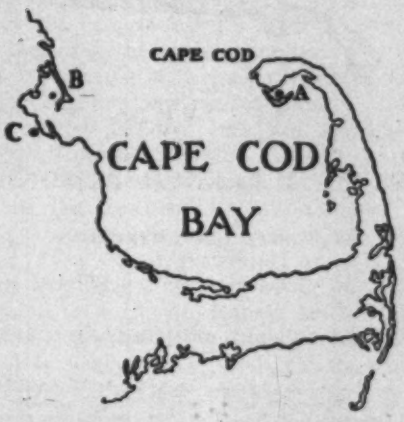
THE 10 CHAP.

SHOWING HOW THEY SOUGHT OUT A PLACE OF HABITATION; AND WHAT BEFEL THEM THEREABOUTS.

BEING thus arrived at Cape Cod the 11th of November, and necessity calling them to look out a place for habitation (as well as the master's and mariners' importunity), they having brought a large shallop with them out of England, stowed in quarters in the ship, they now got her out and set their carpenters to work to trim her up. But being much bruised and shattered in the ship in the foul weather, they saw she would be long in mending. Whereupon a few of them tendered themselves, to go by land and discover those nearest places, whilst the shallop was in mending; and the rather because as they went into the harbor there seemed to be an opening some two or three leagues off, which the master judged to be a river. It was conceived there might be some danger in the attempt; yet seeing them resolute they were permitted to go, being sixteen of them well armed, under the conduct of Captain Standish, having such instructions given them as was thought meet. They set forth the 15th of November, and when they had marched about the space of a

mile by the seaside they espied five or six persons, with a dog, coming towards them who were savages. [Here follows a passage reciting how the Indians fled, leaving behind them some corn, which, with more secured by the colonists in a second excursion, became the seed of a crop that saved them the next year from starvation; and how, "the shallop being got ready" at last, other explorations were undertaken—one on December 6, 1620, O. S., in which the explorers had a harmless first brush with the Indians, and named the place where it occurred the "First Encounter."]

From hence they departed, and coasted all along, but discerned no place likely for harbor; and therefore hasted to a place that their pilot (one named Coppin, who had lived in the country before) did assure them was a good harbor which he had been in, and they might fetch it before night, of which they were glad, for it began to be cold weather.



A.—CAPE COD HARBOR, WHERE THE "MAYFLOWER" FIRST ANCHORED AND THE COLONISTS FIRST LANDED. B.—THE ISLAND WHEREON THE LAST EXPLORING PARTY LANDED. C.—PLYMOUTH.

After some hours sailing, it began to snow and rain, and about the middle of the afternoon the wind increased and the sea became very rough, and they broke their rudder, and it was as much as two men could do to steer her with a couple of oars. But their pilot bade them be of good cheer, for he saw the harbor. But the storm increasing and night drawing on, they bore what sail they could, to get in while they could see; but herewith they broke their mast in three pieces, and their sail fell overboard, in a very grown sea, so as they had like to have been cast away. Yet by God's mercy they recovered themselves, and having the flood with them struck into the harbor. But when it came to, the pilot was deceived in the place, and said the Lord be merciful unto them, for his eyes never saw the place before. And he and the mate would have run her ashore, in a cove full of breakers, before the wind, but a lusty seaman which steered bade those which rowed, if they were men, about with her, or else they were all cast away; the which they did with speed. So he bid them be of good cheer and row lustily, for there was a fair sound before them, and he doubted not but they should find one place or other where they might ride in safety. And though it was very dark and rained sore, yet in the end they got under the lee of a small island and remained there all that night in safety. But they knew not this to be an island till morning, but now doubted in their minds. Some would keep the boat, for fear they might be amongst the Indians. Others were so wet and cold they could not endure, but got ashore, and with much ado got fire (all things being so wet); and the rest were glad to come to them, for after midnight the wind shifted to the north-northwest, and it froze hard. But though this had been a day and night of much trouble and danger unto them, yet God gave them a morning of comfort and refreshing (as usually He doth to His children), for the next day was a fair sunshining day, and they found themselves to be on an island secure from the Indians, where they might dry their stuff, fix their pieces, and rest themselves, and gave God thanks for His mercies in their manifold deliverances. And this being the last day of the week, they prepared there to keep the Sabbath. On Monday they sounded the harbor, and found it fit for shipping, and marched into the land, and found divers cornfields and little running brooks, a place (as they supposed) fit for situation. At least it was the best they could find, and the season and their present necessity made them glad to accept of it. So they returned to their ship again with this news to the rest of their people, which did much comfort their hearts.

On the 15th of December they weighed anchor to go to the place they had discovered, and came within two leagues of it, but were fain to bear up again, but the 16th day the wind came fair, and they arrived safe in this harbor. And afterwards took better view of the place, and resolved where to pitch their dwelling; and the 25th day began to erect the first house, for common use, to receive them and their goods.

ST. IVES.

THE ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH PRISONER IN ENGLAND.

By Robert Louis Stevenson,

Author of "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," etc.

BEGUN IN THE MARCH NUMBER—SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Viscount Anne de St. Ives, under the name of Champdivers, while held a prisoner of war in Edinburgh Castle, attracts the attention and sympathy of an aristocratic Scotch maiden, Flora Gilchrist, who, out of curiosity, visits the prisoners, attended by her brother Ronald. On her account St. Ives kills a comrade, Goguelat, in a duel, fought secretly in the night, with the divided blades of a pair of scissors. An officer of the prison, Major Chevenix, with whom St. Ives is in social relations, discovers the secret of the duel and of St. Ives's interest in the young lady; and while at present he respects it, there are intimations that it might be in safer keeping. St. Ives is visited by Daniel Romaine, the solicitor of his rich uncle, the Count de Këroual, and learns that his cousin, Alain de St. Ives, hitherto regarded as the uncle's heir, is out of favor. Romaine gives him money; urges him, if possible, to escape from prison, in order to pay his uncle, now near dying, a visit; and advises that, in his flight, he make his way to one Burchell Fenn, who may serve him. The escape is soon after made, in company with a number of comrades. St. Ives steals out to Swanston Cottage, where Flora Gilchrist and her brother live with an aunt. They befriend and conceal him; but he is discovered by the aunt, and thus suffers a check in his addresses to the niece. He so far ingratiates himself with the aunt, however, that she helps him to escape across the border, under the guidance of a pair of drovers. In England he takes to the Great North Road, to make his way by address and audacity as best he can.

CHAPTER XII.

I FOLLOW A COVERED CART NEARLY TO MY DESTINATION.

AT last I began to draw near, by reasonable stages, to the neighborhood of Wakefield; and the name of Mr. Burchell Fenn came to the top in my memory. This was the gentleman (the reader may remember) who made a trade of forwarding the escape of French prisoners. How he did so: whether he had a signboard, *Escapes forwarded, apply within;* what he charged for his services, or whether they were gratuitous and charitable, were all matters of which I was at once ignorant and extremely curious. Thanks to my proficiency in English, and Mr. Romaine's bank-notes, I was getting on swimmingly without him; but the trouble was that I could not be easy till I had come at the bottom of these mysteries, and it was my difficulty that I knew nothing of him beyond the name. I knew not his trade—beyond that of Forwarder of Escapes—whether he lived in town or country, whether he were rich or poor, nor by what kind of address I was to gain his confidence. It would have a very bad appearance to go along the highway-side asking after a man of whom I could give so scanty an account; and I should look like a fool, indeed, if I were to present myself at his door and find the police in occupation! The interest of the conundrum, however, tempted me, and I

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turned aside from my direct road to pass by Wakefield; kept my ears pricked as I went for any mention of his name, and relied for the rest on my good fortune. If Luck (who must certainly be feminine) favored me as far as to throw me in the man's way, I should owe the lady a candle; if not, I could very readily console myself. In this experimental humor, and with so little to help me, it was a miracle that I should have brought my enterprise to a good end; and there are several saints in the calendar who might be happy to exchange with St. Ives!

I had slept the night in a good inn at Wakefield, made my breakfast by candlelight with the passengers of an up-coach, and set off in a very ill temper with myself and my surroundings. It was still early; the air raw and cold; the sun low, and soon to disappear under a vast canopy of rain-clouds that had begun to assemble in the northwest and from that quarter invaded the whole width of the heaven. Already the rain fell in crystal rods; already the whole face of the country sounded with the discharge of drains and ditches; and I looked forward to a day of downpour and the misery of wet clothes, in which particular I am as dainty as a cat. At a corner of the road, and by the last glint of the drowning sun, I spied a covered cart, of a kind that I thought I had never seen before, preceding me at the foot's pace of jaded horses. Anything is interesting to a pedestrian that can help him to forget the miseries of a day of rain; and I bettered my pace and gradually overtook the vehicle.

The nearer I came, the more it puzzled me. It was much such a cart as I am told the calico printers use, mounted on two wheels, and furnished with a seat in front for the driver. The interior closed with a door, and was of a bigness to contain a good load of calico, or (at a pinch and if it were necessary) four or five persons. But, indeed, if human beings were meant to travel there, they had my pity! They must travel in the dark, for there was no sign of a window; and they would be shaken all the way like a vial of doctor's stuff, for the cart was not only ungainly to look at—it was besides very imperfectly balanced on the one pair of wheels, and pitched unconscionably. Altogether, if I had any glancing idea that the cart was really a carriage, I had soon dismissed it; but I was still inquisitive as to what it should contain and where it had come from. Wheels and horses were splashed with many different colors of mud, as though they had come far and across a considerable diversity of country. The driver continually and vainly plied his whip. It seemed to follow they had made a long, perhaps an all-night, stage; and that the driver, at that early hour of a little after eight in the morning, already felt himself belated. I looked for the name of the proprietor on the shaft, and started outright. Fortune had favored the careless: it was Burchell Fenn!

"A wet morning, my man," said I.

The driver, a loutish fellow, shock-headed and turnip-faced, returned not a word to my salutation, but savagely flogged his horses. The tired animals, who could scarce put the one foot before the other, paid no attention to his cruelty; and I continued without effort to maintain my position alongside, smiling to myself at the futility of his attempts, and at the same time pricked with curiosity as to why he made them. I made no such formidable a figure as that a man should flee when I accosted him; and my conscience not being entirely clear, I was more accustomed to be uneasy myself than to see others timid. Presently he desisted, and put back his whip in the holster with the air of a man vanquished.

"So you would run away from me?" said I. "Come, come, that's not English."

"Beg pardon, master; no offence meant," he said, touching his hat.

"And none taken!" cried I. "All I desire is a little gaiety by the way."

I understood him to say he didn't "take with gaiety."

"Then I will try you with something else," said I. "Oh, I can be all things to all men, like the apostle. I dare to say I have traveled with heavier fellows than you in my time, and done famously well with them. Are you going home?"

"Yes, I'm goin' home, I am," he said.

"A very fortunate circumstance for me," said I. "At this rate we shall see a good deal of each other, going the same way; and now I come to think of it, why should you not give me a cast? There is room beside you on the bench."

With a sudden snatch he carried the cart two yards into the roadway. The horses plunged and came to a stop. "No, you don't!" he said, menacing me with the whip. "None o' that with me."

"None of what?" said I. "I asked you for a lift, but I have no idea of taking one by force."

"Well, I've got to take care of the cart and 'orses, I have," says he. "I don't take up with no runagate vagabones, you see, else."

"I ought to thank you for your touching confidence," said I, approaching carelessly nearer as I spoke. "But I admit the road is solitary hereabouts, and no doubt an accident soon happens. Little fear of anything of the kind with you! I like you for it, like your prudence, like that pastoral shyness of disposition. But why not put it out of my power to hurt? Why not open the door and bestow me here in the box, or whatever you please to call it?" And I laid my hand demonstratively on the body of the cart.

He had been timorous before; but at this he seemed to lose the power of speech a moment, and stared at me in a perfect enthusiasm of fear.

"Why not?" I continued. "The idea is good. I should be safe in there if I were the monster Williams himself. The great thing is to have me under lock and key. For it does lock; it is locked now," said I, trying the door. "*Apropos*, what have you for a cargo? It must be precious."

He found not a word to answer.

Rat-tat-tat, I went upon the door like a well-drilled footman. "Any one at home?" I said, and stooped to listen.

There came out of the interior a stifled sneeze, the first of an uncontrollable paroxysm; another followed immediately on the heels of it; and then the driver turned with an oath, laid the lash upon the horses with so much energy that they found their heels again, and the whole equipage fled down the road at the gallop.

At the first sound of the sneeze I had started back like a man shot. The next moment a great light broke on my mind, and I understood. Here was the secret of Fenn's trade: this was how he forwarded the escape of prisoners, hawking them by night about the country in his covered cart. There had been Frenchmen close to me; he who had just sneezed was my countryman, my comrade, perhaps already my friend! I took to my heels in pursuit. "Hold hard!" I shouted. "Stop. It's all right! Stop." But the driver only turned a white face on me for a moment, and redoubled his efforts, bending forward, plying his whip, and crying to his horses. These lay themselves down to the gallop, and beat the highway with flying hooves; and the cart bounded after them among the ruts and fled in a halo of rain and spattering mud. But a minute since, and it had been trundling along like a lame cow; and now it was off as though drawn by Apollo's coursers. There is no telling what a man can do until you frighten him!

It was as much as I could do myself, though I ran valiantly, to maintain my distance; and that (since I knew my countrymen so near) was become a chief point with me. A hundred yards farther on the cart whipped out of the high-road into a wet lane embowered with leafless trees, and became lost to view. When I saw it next, the driver had increased his advantage considerably, but all danger was at an end, and the horses had again declined into a hobbling walk. Persuaded that they could not escape me, I took my time, and recovered my breath as I followed them.

Presently the lane twisted at right angles, and showed me a gate and the beginning of a gravel sweep; and a little after, as I continued to advance, a red brick house about seventy years old, in a fine style of architecture, and presenting a front of many windows to a lawn and garden. Behind I could see outhouses and the peaked roofs of stacks, and I judged that a manor-house had in some way declined to be the residence of a tenant-farmer, carele alike of appearances and substantial comfort. The marks of neglect were visible on every side, in flower-bushes straggling beyond the borders, in the ill-kept turf, and in the broken windows that were incongruously patched with paper or stuffed with rags. A thicket of trees, mostly evergreen, fenced the place round and secluded it from the eyes of prying neighbors. As I came in view of it on that melancholy winter's morning, in the deluge of the falling rain, and with the wind that now rose in occasional gusts and hooted over the old chimneys, the cart had already drawn up at the front door steps, and the driver was already in earnest discourse with Mr. Burchell Fenn. He was standing with his hands behind his back—a man of a gross, misbegotten face and body, dewlapped like a bull and red as a harvest moon; and in his jockey cap, blue coat, and top boots, he had much the air of a good, solid tenant-farmer.

The pair continued to speak as I came up the approach, but received me at last in a sort of goggling silence. I had my hat in my hand.

"I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Burchell Fenn?" said I.

"The same, sir," replied Mr. Fenn, taking off his jockey cap in answer to my

civility, but with the distant look and the tardy movements of one who continues to think of something else. "And who may you be?" he asked.

"I shall tell you afterwards," said I. "Suffice it, in the meantime, that I come on business."

He seemed to digest my answer laboriously, his mouth gaping, his little eyes never straying from my face.

"Suffer me to point out to you, sir," I resumed, "that this is an extremely wet morning, and that the chimney-corner and possibly a glass of something hot are clearly indicated."

Indeed, the rain was now grown to be a deluge; the gutters of the house roared; the air was filled with the continuous, strident crash. The stolidity of his face, on which the rain streamed, was far from reassuring me. On the contrary, I was aware of a distinct qualm of apprehension, which was not at all lessened by a view of the driver, craning from his perch to observe us with the expression of a fascinated bird. So we stood silent, when the prisoner again began to sneeze from the body of the cart; and at the sound, prompt as a transformation, the driver had whipped up his horses and was shambling off round the corner of the house, and Mr. Fenn, recovering his wits with a gulp, had turned to the door behind him.

"Come in, come in, sir," he said. "I beg your pardon, sir; the lock goes a trifle hard."

Indeed, it took him a surprising time to open the door, which was not only locked on the outside, but the lock seemed rebellious from disuse; and when at last he stood back and motioned me to enter before him, I was greeted on the threshold by that peculiar and convincing sound of the rain echoing over empty chambers. The entrance-hall, in which I now found myself, was of a good size and good proportions; potted plants occupied the corners; the paved floor was soiled with muddy footprints and encumbered with straw; on a mahogany hall table, which was the only furniture, a candle had been stuck and suffered to burn down—plainly a long while ago, for the gutterings were green with mould. My mind, under these new impressions, worked with unusual vivacity. I was here shut off with Fenn and his hireling in a deserted house, a neglected garden, and a wood of evergreens: the most eligible theatre for a deed of darkness. There came to me a vision of two flags raised in the hall floor, and the driver putting in the rainy afternoon over my grave, and the prospect displeased me extremely. I felt I had carried my pleasantry as far as was safe; I must lose no time in declaring my true character, and I was even choosing the words in which I was to begin when the hall door was slammed to behind me with a bang, and I turned, dropping my stick as I did so, in time—and not any more than time—to save my life.

The surprise of the onslaught and the huge weight of my assailant gave him the advantage. He had a pistol in his right hand of portentous size, which it took me all my strength to keep deflected. With his left arm he strained me to his bosom, so that I thought I must be crushed or stifled. His mouth was open, his face crimson, and he panted aloud with hard, animal sounds. The affair was as brief as it was hot and sudden. The potations which had swelled and bloated his carcass had already weakened the springs of energy. One more huge effort, that came near to overpower me, and in which the pistol happily exploded, and I felt his grasp slacken and weakness come on his joints; his legs succumbed under his weight, and he groveled on his knees on the stone floor. "Spare me!" he gasped.

I had not only been abominably frightened; I was shocked besides; my delicacy was in arms, like a lady to whom violence should have been offered by a similar monster. I plucked myself from his horrid contact, I snatched the pistol—even discharged, it was a formidable weapon—and menaced him with the butt. "Spare you!" I cried, "you beast!"

His voice died in his fat inwards, but his lips still vehemently framed the same words of supplication. My anger began to pass off, but not all my repugnance; the picture he made revolted me, and I was impatient to be spared the further view of it.

"Here," said I, "stop this performance; it sickens me. I am not going to kill you, do you hear? I have need of you."

A look of relief, that I could almost have called beautiful, dawned on his countenance. "Anything — anything you wish," said he.

Anything is a big word, and his use of it brought me for a moment to a stand. "Why, what do you mean?" I asked. "Do you mean that you will blow the gaff on the whole business?"

He answered me yes with eager asseverations.

"I know Monsieur de St.-Yves is in it; it was through his papers we traced you," I said. "Do you consent to make a clean breast of the others?"

"I do—I will!" he cried. "The 'ole crew of 'em; there's good names among 'em. I'll be king's evidence."

"So that all shall hang except yourself? You villain!" I broke out. "Understand at once that I am no spy or thief-taker. I am a kinsman of Monsieur de St.-Yves—here in his interest. Upon my word, you have put your foot in it prettily, Mr. Burchell Fenn! Come, stand up; don't grovel there. Stand up, you lump of iniquity!"

He scrambled to his feet. He was utterly unmanned, or it might have gone hard with me yet; and I considered him hesitating, as, indeed, there was cause. The man was a double-dyed traitor: he had tried to murder me, and I had first baffled his endeavours, and then exposed and insulted him. Was it wise to place myself any longer at his mercy? With his help I should doubtless travel more quickly; doubtless, also, far less agreeably; and there was everything to show that it would be at a greater risk. In short, I should have washed my hands of him on the spot but for the temptation of the French officers, whom I knew to be so near, and for whose society I felt so great and natural an impatience. If I was to see anything of my countrymen, it was clear I had first of all to make my peace with Mr. Fenn; and that was no easy matter. To make friends with any one implies concessions on both sides; and what could I concede? What could I say of him but that he had proved himself a villain and a fool, and the worse man?

"Well," said I, "here has been rather a poor piece of business, which I daresay you can have no pleasure in calling to mind; and, to say the truth, I would as readily forget it myself. Suppose we try. Take back your pistol, which smells very ill; put it in your pocket or wherever you had it concealed. There! Now let us meet for the first time.—Give you good morning, Mr. Fenn! I hope you do very well. I come on the recommendation of my kinsman, the Vicomte de St.-Yves."

"Do you mean it?" he cried. "Do you mean you will pass over our little scrimmage?"

"Why, certainly!" said I. "It shows you are a bold fellow, who may be trusted to forget the business when it comes to the point. There is nothing against you in the little scrimmage, unless that your courage is greater than your strength. You are not so young as you once were, that is all."

"And I beg of you, sir, don't betray me to the Vis-count," he pleaded. "I'll not deny but what my heart failed me a trifle; but it was only a word, sir, what anybody might have said in the 'eat of the moment, and over with it."

"Certainly," said I. "That is quite my own opinion."

"The way I came to be anxious about the Vis-count," he continued, "is that I believe he might be induced to form an 'asty judgment. And the business, in a pecuniary point of view, is all that I could ask; only trying, sir—very trying. It's making an old man of me before my time. You might have observed yourself, sir, that I 'aven't got the knees I once 'ad. The knees and the breathing, there's where it takes me. But I'm very sure, sir, I address a gentleman as would be the last to make trouble between friends."

"I am sure you do me no more than justice," said I; "and I shall think it quite unnecessary to dwell on any of these passing circumstances in my report to the Vicomte."

"Which you do favor him (if you'll excuse me being so bold as to mention it) exac'ly!" said he. "I should have known you anywheres. May I offer you a pot of 'ome-brewed ale, sir? By your leave! This way, if you please. I am 'eartily grateful—'eartily pleased to be of any service to a gentleman like you, sir, which is related to the Vis-count, and really a fambly of which you might well be proud! Take care of the step, sir. You have good news of 'is 'ealth, I trust? as well as that of Monseer the Count?"

God forgive me! the horrible fellow was still puffing and panting with the fury of his assault, and already he had fallen into an obsequious, wheedling familiarity like that of an old servant—already he was flattering me on my family connections.

I followed him through the house into the stable-yard, where I observed the driver washing the cart in a shed. He must have heard the explosion of the pistol. He could not choose but hear it: the thing was shaped like a little blunderbuss, charged to the mouth, and made a report like a piece of field artillery. He had heard, he had paid no attention; and now, as we came forth by the back door, he

raised for a moment a pale and tell-tale face that was as direct as a confession. The rascal had expected to see Fenn come forth alone; he was waiting to be called on for that part of sexton which I had already allotted to him in fancy.

I need not detain the reader very long with any description of my visit to the back-kitchen, of how we mulled our ale there, and mulled it very well; nor of how we sat talking, Fenn like an old, faithful, affectionate dependant, and I—well! I had myself fallen into a mere admiration of so much impudence that transcended words, and had very soon conquered animosity. I took a fancy to the man, he was so vast a humbug. I began to see a kind of beauty in him, his *aplomb* was so majestic. I never knew a rogue to cut so fat; his villainy was ample, like his belly, and I could scarce find it in my heart to hold him responsible for either. He was good enough to drop into the autobiographical; telling me how the farm, in spite of the war and the high prices, had proved a disappointment; how there was "a sight of cold, wet land as you come along the 'igh-road;" how the winds and rains and the seasons had been misdirected, it seemed "o' purpose;" how Mrs. Fenn had died—"I lost her coming two year agone; a remarkable fine woman, my old girl, sir, if you'll excuse me," he added, with a burst of humility. In short, he gave me an opportunity of studying John Bull, as I may say, stuffed naked—his greed, his usuriousness, his hypocrisy, his perfidy of the back-stairs, all swelled to the superlative—such as was well worth the little disarray and fluster of our passage in the hall.

CHAPTER XIII.

I MEET TWO OF MY COUNTRYMEN.

As soon as I judged it safe, and that was not before Burchell Fenn had talked himself back into his breath and a complete good humor, I proposed he should introduce me to the French officers, henceforth to become my fellow-passengers. There were two of them, it appeared, and my heart beat as I approached the door. The specimen of Perfidious Albion whom I had just been studying gave me the stronger zest for my fellow-countrymen. I could have embraced them; I could have wept on their necks. And all the time I was going to a disappointment.

It was in a spacious and low room, with an outlook on the court, that I found them bestowed. In the good days of that house the apartment had probably served as a library, for there were traces of shelves along the wainscot. Four or five mattresses lay on the floor in a corner, with a frowsy heap of bedding; near by was a basin and a cube of soap; a rude kitchen table and some deal chairs stood together at the far end; and the room was illuminated by no less than four windows, and warmed by a little crazy, sidelong grate, propped up with bricks in the vent of a hospitable chimney, and where a pile of coals smoked prodigiously and gave out a few starveling flames. An old, frail, white-haired officer sat in one of the chairs, which he had drawn close to this apology for a fire. He was wrapped in a camlet cloak, of which the collar was turned up, his knees touched the bars, his hands were spread in the very smoke, and yet he shivered for cold. The second—a big, florid, fine animal of a man, whose every gesture labeled him the "Cock of the Walk" and the "Admiration of the Ladies"—had apparently despaired of the fire, and now strode up and down, sneezing hard, bitterly blowing his nose, and proffering a continual stream of bluster, complaint, and barrack-room oaths.

Fenn showed me in, with the brief form of introduction: "Gentlemen all, this here's another fare!" and was gone again at once. The old man gave me but the one glance out of lack-luster eyes; and even as he looked a shudder took him as sharp as a hiccough. But the other, who represented to admiration the picture of a Beau in a Catarrh, stared at me arrogantly.

"And who are you, sir?" he asked.

I made the military salute to my superiors.

"Champdivers, private, Eighth of the Line," said I.

"Pretty business!" said he. "And you are going on with us? Three in a cart, and a great trolloping private at that! And who is to pay for you, my fine fellow?" he inquired.

"If monsieur comes to that," I answered civilly, "who paid for him?"

"Oh, if you choose to play the wit!" said he, and began to rail at large upon his destiny, the weather, the cold, the danger and the expense of the escape, and, above all, the cooking of the accursed English. It seemed to annoy him particularly that I should have joined their party. "If you knew what you were doing—thirty

thousand millions of pigs!—you would keep yourself to yourself! The horses can't drag the cart; the roads are all ruts and swamps. No longer ago than last night the colonel and I had to march half the way—half the way to the knees in mud—and I with this infernal cold—and the danger of detection! Happily we met no one—a desert—a real desert—like the whole abominable country! Nothing to eat—no, sir, there is nothing to eat but raw cow and greens boiled in water—nor to drink but Worcestershire sauce. Now I, with my catarrh, I have no appetite; is it not so? Well, if I were in France, I should have a good soup with a crust in it, an omelette, a fowl in rice, a partridge in cabbages—things to tempt me! But here—what a country! And cold, too! They talk about Russia—this is all the cold I want! And the people—look at them! What a race! Never any handsome men; never any fine officers!"—and he looked down complacently for a moment at his waist. "And the women—what faggots! No, that is one point clear, I cannot stomach the English!"

There was something in this man so antipathetic to me as sent the mustard into my nose. I can never bear your bucks and dandies, even when they are decent-looking and well-dressed; and the major—for that was his rank—was the image of a flunkey in good luck. An angel who should have married him, or even dreamed of it, would have been a dead angel for me. Even to be in agreement with him, or to seem to be so, was more than I could make out to endure.

"You could scarce be expected to," said I, civilly, "after having just digested your parole."

He whipped round on his heel, and turned on me a countenance which, I dare say, he imagined to be awful; but another fit of sneezing cut him off ere he could come to the length of speech.

"I have not tried the dish myself," I took the opportunity to add. "It is said to be unpalatable. Did monsieur find it so?"

With surprising vivacity the colonel woke from his lethargy. He was between us ere another word could pass.

"Shame, gentlemen!" he said. "Is this a time for Frenchmen and fellow-soldiers to fall out? We are in the midst of our enemies; a quarrel, a loud word, may suffice to plunge us back into irretrievable distress. *Monsieur le Commandant*, you have been gravely offended. I make it my request, I make it my prayer—if need be, I give you my orders—that the matter shall stand by until we come safe to France. Then, if you please, I will serve you in any capacity. And for you, young man, you have shown all the cruelty and carelessness of youth. This gentleman is your superior; he is no longer young"—at which word you are to conceive the major's face. "It is admitted he has broken his parole. I know not his reason, and no more do you. It might be patriotism in this hour of our country's adversity, it might be humanity, necessity; you know not what in the least, and you permit yourself to reflect on his honor. To break parole may be a subject for pity and not derision. I have broken mine—I, a colonel of the Empire. And why? I have been years negotiating my exchange, and it cannot be managed; those who have influence at the Ministry of War continually rush in before me, and I have to wait, and my daughter at home is in a decline. I am going to see my daughter at last, and it is my only concern lest I should have delayed too long. She is ill, and very ill; at death's door. Nothing is left me but my daughter, my Emperor, and my honor; and I give my honor. Blame me for it who dare!"

At this my heart smote me.

"For God's sake," I cried, "think no more of what I have said! A parole? what is a parole against life and death and love? I ask your pardon; this gentleman's also. As long as I shall be with you, you shall not have cause to complain of me again. I pray God, you will find your daughter alive and restored."

"That is past praying for," said the colonel; and immediately the brief fire died out of him, and returning to the hearth, he relapsed into his former abstraction.

But I was not so easy to compose. The knowledge of the poor gentleman's trouble and the sight of his face had filled me with the bitterness of remorse; and I insisted upon shaking hands with the major (which he did with a very ill grace), and abounded in palinodes and apologies.

"After all," said I, "who am I to talk? I am in the luck to be a private soldier; I have no parole to give or to keep; once I am over the rampart, I am as free as air. I beg you to believe that I regret from my soul the use of these ungenerous expressions. Allow me. . . . Is there no way in this house to attract attention? Where is this fellow, Fenn?"

I ran to one of the windows and threw

it open. Fenn, who was at the moment passing below in the court, cast up his arms like one in despair, called to me to keep back, plunged into the house, and appeared next moment in the doorway of the chamber.

"Oh, sir!" says he, "keep away from those there windows. A body might see you from the back lane."

"It is registered," said I. "Henceforward I will be a mouse for precaution and a ghost for invisibility. But in the meantime fetch us a bottle of brandy. Your room is as damp as the bottom of a well, and these gentlemen are perishing for cold."

So soon as I had paid him (for everything I found must be paid in advance), I turned my attention to the fire, and whether because I threw greater energy into the business, or because the coals were now warmed and the time ripe, I soon started a blaze that made the chimney roar again. The shine of it, in that dark, rainy day, seemed to reanimate the colonel like a blink of sun. With the outburst of the flames, besides, a draught was established, which immediately delivered us from the plague of smoke; and by the time Fenn returned, carrying a bottle under his arm and a single tumbler in his hand, there was already an air of gaiety in the room that did the heart good.

I poured out some of the brandy.

"Colonel," said I, "I am a young man and a private soldier. I have not been long in this room, and already I have shown the petulance that belongs to the one character and the ill manners that you may look for in the other. Have the humanity to pass these slips over, and honor me so far as to accept this glass."

"My lad," says he, waking up and blinking at me with an air of suspicion, "are you sure you can afford it?"

I assured him I could.

"I thank you, then; I am very cold." He took the glass out, and a little color came in his face. "I thank you again," said he. "It goes to the heart."

The major, when I motioned him to help himself, did so with a good deal of liberality; continued to do so for the rest of the morning, now with some sort of apology, now with none at all; and the bottle began to look foolish before dinner was served. It was such a meal as he had himself predicted: beef, greens, potatoes, mustard in a teacup, and beer in a brown jug that was all over hounds, horses, and hunters, with a fox at the far end and a gigantic John Bull—for all the world like Fenn—sitting in the midst in a bob-wig and smoking tobacco. The beer was a good brew, but not good enough for the major; he laced it with brandy—for his cold, he said; and in this curative design the remainder of the bottle ebbed away. He called my attention repeatedly to the circumstance; helped me pointedly to the dregs; threw the bottle in the air and played tricks with it; and at last, having exhausted his ingenuity, and seeing me remain quite blind to every hint, he ordered and paid for another himself.

As for the colonel, he ate nothing, sat sunk in a muse, and only awoke occasionally to a sense of where he was and what he was supposed to be doing. On each of these occasions he showed a gratitude and kind courtesy that endeared him to me beyond expression. "Champdivers, my lad, your health!" he would say. "The major and I had a very arduous march last night, and I positively thought I should have eaten nothing, but your fortunate idea of the brandy has made quite a new man of me—quite a new man." And he would fall to with a great air of heartiness, cut himself a mouthful, and before he had swallowed it, would have forgotten his dinner, his company, the place where he then was, and the escape he was engaged on, and become absorbed in the vision of a sick-room and a dying girl in France. The pathos of this continual preoccupation, in a man so old, sick, and overweary, and whom I looked upon as a mere bundle of dying bones and death pains, put me wholly from my victuals; it seemed there was an element of sin and a kind of rude bravado of youth in the mere relishing of food at the same table with this tragic father; and though I was well enough used with the coarse, plain diet of the English, I ate scarce more than himself. Dinner was hardly over before he succumbed to a lethargic sleep, lying on one of the mattresses with his limbs relaxed and his breath seemingly suspended, the very image of dissolution.

This left the major and myself alone at the table. You must not suppose our *tête-à-tête* was long, but it was a lively period while it lasted. He drank like a fish or an Englishman; shouted, beat the table, roared out songs, quarreled, made it up again, and at last tried to throw the dinner-plates through the window, a feat of which he was at that time quite incapable. For a party of fugitives, condemned to the most rigorous discretion, there was never

seen so noisy a carnival; and through it all the colonel continued to sleep like a child. Seeing the major so well advanced and no retreat possible, I made a fair wind of a foul one, keeping his glass full, pushing him with toasts, and sooner than I could have dared to hope, he became drowsy and incoherent. With the wrong-headedness of all such sots, he would not be persuaded to lie down upon one of the mattresses until I had stretched myself upon another. But the comedy was soon over; soon he slept the sleep of the just and snored like a military music; and I might get up again and face (as best I could) the excessive tedium of the afternoon.

I had passed the night before in a good bed; I was denied the resource of slumber, and there was nothing open for me but to pace the apartment, maintain the fire, and brood on my position. I compared yesterday and to-day—the safety, comfort, jollity, open-air exercise, and pleasant roadside inns of the one, with the tedium, anxiety, and discomfort of the other. I remembered that I was in the hands of Fenn, who could not be more false—though he might be more vindictive—than I fancied him. I looked forward to nights of pitching in the covered cart and days of monotony in I knew not what hiding-places; and my heart failed me, and I was in two minds whether to slink off ere it was too late and return to my former solitary way of travel. But the colonel stood in the path. I had not seen much of him; and already I judged him a man of a child-like nature—with that sort of innocence and courtesy that, I think, is only to be found in old soldiers or old priests—and broken with years and sorrow. I could not turn my back on his distress; could not leave him alone with the selfish trooper who snored on the next mattress. "Champdivers, my lad, your health!" said a voice in my ear, and stopped me—and there are few things I am more glad of in the retrospect than that it did.

It must have been about four in the afternoon—at least the rain had taken off, and the sun was setting with some wintry pomp—that the current of my reflections was effectually changed by the arrival of two visitors in a gig. They were farmers of the neighborhood, I suppose, big, burly fellows in great-coats and top-boots, mightily flushed with liquor when they arrived, and before they left, inimitably drunk. They stayed long in the kitchen with Burchell, drinking, shouting, singing, and keeping it up; and the sound of their merry minstrelsy kept me a kind of company. There was not much variety—we had "Widdicombe Fair" at least three times; and if it was scarce tuneful, it was at least more so than the bestial snoring of the major on the mattress. The night fell, and the shine of the fire brightened and blinked on the panelled wall. Our illuminated windows must have been visible not only from the back lane of which Fenn had spoken, but from the court where the farmers' gig awaited them. When they should come forth, they must infallibly perceive the chamber to be tenanted; and suppose them to remark upon the circumstance, it became a question whether Fenn was honest enough to wish to protect us, or should have sense enough left, after his long potations, to put their inquiries by. These were not pleasing insinuations; and when our friends below gave us the third time,

> "Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me thy gray mare—
> All along, down along, out along lee—
> I want for to go to Widdicombe Fair,"

I felt I would have gladly borrowed the gray mare myself to escape from the bubbling pot of troubles in which I had plunged myself by my visit to Burchell Fenn. In the far end of the firelit room lay my companions, the one silent, the other clamorously noisy, the images of death and drunkenness. Little wonder if I were tempted to join in the choruses below, and sometimes could hardly refrain from laughter, and sometimes, I believe, from tears—so unmitigated was the tedium, so cruel the suspense, of this period.

At last, about six at night, I should fancy, the noisy minstrels appeared in the court, headed by Fenn with a lantern, and knocking together as they came. The visitors clambered noisily into the gig, one of them shook the reins, and they were snatched out of sight and hearing with a suddenness that partook of the nature of prodigy. I am well aware there is a providence for drunken men, that holds the reins for them and presides over their troubles; doubtless he had his work cut out for him with this particular gigful! Fenn rescued his toes with an ejaculation from under the departing wheels, and turned at once with uncertain steps and devious lantern to the far end of the court. There, through the open doors of a coach-house, the shock-headed lad was already to be seen drawing forth the covered cart. If I wished any

private talk with our host, it must be now or never.

Accordingly I groped my way downstairs, and came to him as he looked on and lighted the harnessing of the horses.

"The hour approaches when we have to part," said I; "and I shall be obliged if you will tell your servant to drop me at the nearest point for Dunstable. I am determined to go so far with our friends, Colonel X. and Major Y., but my business is peremptory, and it takes me to the neighborhood of Dunstable."

Orders were given, to my satisfaction, with an obsequiosity that seemed only inflamed by his potations.

CHAPTER XIV.

TRAVELS OF THE COVERED CART.

My companions were aroused with difficulty: the colonel, poor old gentleman! to a sort of permanent dream, in which you could say of him only that he was very deaf and anxiously polite; the major still maudlin drunk. We had a dish of tea by the fireside, and then issued like criminals into the scathing cold of the night. For the weather had in the meanwhile changed. Upon the cessation of the rain, a strict frost had succeeded. The moon, being young, was already near the zenith when we started, glittered everywhere on sheets of ice, and sparkled in ten thousand icicles. A more unpromising night for a journey it was hard to conceive. But in the course of the afternoon the horses had been well sharpened; and King (for such was the name of the shock-headed lad) was very positive that he could drive us without misadventure. He was as good as his word; indeed, despite a gawky air, he was simply invaluable in his present employment, showing marked sagacity in all that concerned the care of horses, and guiding us by one short cut after another for days and without a fault.

The interior of that engine of torture, the covered cart, was fitted with a bench, on which we took our places; the door was shut; in a moment, the night closed upon us solid and stifling; and we felt that we were being driven carefully out of the courtyard. Careful was the word all night, and it was an alleviation of our miseries that we did not often enjoy. In general, as we were driven the better part of the night and day, often at a pretty quick pace and always through a labyrinth of the most infamous country lanes and by-roads, we were so bruised upon the bench, so dashed against the top and sides of the cart, that we reached the end of a stage in truly pitiable case, sometimes flung ourselves down without the formality of eating, made but one sleep of it until the hour of departure returned, and were only properly awakened by the first jolt of the renewed journey. There were interruptions, at times, that we hailed as alleviations. At times the cart was bogged, once it was upset, and we must alight and lend the driver the assistance of our arms; at times too (as on the occasion when I had first encountered it) the horses gave out, and we had to trail alongside in mud or frost until the first peep of daylight, or the approach of a hamlet or a high-road bade us disappear like ghosts into our prison.

The main roads of England are incomparable for excellence, of a beautiful smoothness, very ingeniously laid down, and so well kept that in most weathers you could take your dinner off any part of them without distaste. Then, to the note of the bugle, the mail did its sixty miles a day; innumerable chaises whisked after the bobbing postboys; or some young blood would flit by in a curricle and tandem to the vast delight and danger of the lieges. Then the slow-pacing wagons made a music of bells, and all day long the travelers on horseback and the travelers on foot (like happy Mr. St. Ives so little a while before!) kept coming and going, and baiting and gaping at each other, as though a fair were due and they were gathering to it from all England. No, nowhere in the world is travel so great a pleasure as in that country. But unhappily our one need was to be secret; and all this rapid and animated picture of the road swept quite apart from us, as we lumbered up hill and down dale, under hedge and over stone, among circuitous byways. Only twice did I receive, as it were, a whiff of the highway. The first reached my ears alone. I might have been anywhere. I only knew I was in the dark night and among ruts, when I heard very far off, over the silent country that surrounded us, the guard's horn wailing its signal to the next post-house for a change of horses. It was like the voice of the day heard in the darkness, a voice of the world heard in prison, the note of a cock crowing in the mid-seas; in short, I cannot tell you what it was like, you will have to fancy for yourself—but I could have wept to hear it. Once we were belated: the cattle could

hardly crawl, the day was at hand, it was a nipping, rigorous morning; King was lashing his horses, I was giving an arm to the old colonel, and the major was coughing in our rear. I must suppose that King was a thought careless, being nearly in desperation about his team, and in spite of the cold morning, breathing hot with his exertions. We came, at last, a little before sunrise, to the summit of a hill, and saw the high-road passing at right angles through an open country of meadows and hedgerow pollards; and not only the York mail, speeding smoothly at the gallop of the four horses, but a post-chaise besides, with the postboy titupping briskly, and the traveler himself putting his head out of the window, but whether to breathe the dawn, or the better to observe the passage of the mail, I do not know. So that we enjoyed for an instant a picture of free life on the road, in its most luxurious forms of despatch and comfort. And thereafter, with a poignant feeling of contrast in our hearts, we must mount again into our wheeled dungeon.

We came to our stages at all sorts of odd hours, and they were in all kinds of odd places. I may say at once that my first experience was my best. Nowhere again were we so well entertained as at Burchell Fenn's. And this, I suppose, was natural and, indeed, inevitable in so long and secret a journey. The first stop, we lay six hours in a barn standing by itself in a poor, marshy orchard, and packed with hay. To make it more attractive, we were told it had been the scene of an abominable murder and was now haunted. But the day was beginning to break, and our fatigue was too extreme for visionary terrors. The second or third, we alighted on a barren heath about midnight, built a fire to warm us under the shelter of some thorns, supped like beggars on bread and a piece of cold bacon, and slept like gipsies with our feet to the fire. In the meanwhile, King was gone with the cart, I know not where, to get a change of horses, and it was late in the dark morning when he returned and we were able to resume our journey. In the middle of another night, we came to a stop by an ancient, white-washed cottage of two stories; a privet hedge surrounded it; the frosty moon shone blankly on the upper windows; but through those of the kitchen the firelight was seen glinting on the roof and reflected from the dishes on the wall. Here, after much hammering on the door, King managed to arouse an old crone from the chimney-corner chair, where she had been dozing in the watch; and we were had in, and entertained with a dish of hot tea. This old lady was an aunt of Burchell Fenn's—and an unwilling partner in his dangerous trade. Though the house stood solitary, and the hour was an unlikely one for any passenger upon the road, King and she conversed in whispers only. There was something dismal, something of the sick-room, in this perpetual, guarded sibilation. The apprehensions of our hostess insensibly communicated themselves to every one present. We ate like mice in a cat's ear; if one of us jingled a teaspoon, all would start; and when the hour came to take the road again, we drew a long breath of relief, and climbed to our places in the covered cart with a positive sense of escape. The most of our meals, however, were taken boldly at hedgerow alehouses, usually at untimely hours of the day, when the clients were in the field or the farmyard at labor. I shall have to tell presently of our last experience of the sort, and how unfortunately it miscarried; but as that was the signal for my separation from my fellow-travelers, I must first finish with them.

I had never any occasion to waver in my first judgment of the colonel. The old gentleman seemed to me, and still seems in the retrospect, the salt of the earth. I had occasion to see him in the extremes of hardship, hunger, and cold; he was dying, and he looked it; and yet I cannot remember any hasty, harsh, or impatient word to have fallen from his lips. On the contrary, he ever showed himself careful to please, and even if he rambled in his talk, rambled always gently—like a humane, half-witted old hero, true to his colors to the last. I would not dare to say how often he awoke suddenly from a lethargy and told us again, as though we had never heard it, the story of how he had earned the cross, how it had been given him by the hand of the emperor, and of the innocent—and, indeed, foolish—sayings of his daughter when he returned with it on his bosom. He had another anecdote which he was very apt to give, by way of a rebuke, when the major wearied us beyond endurance with dispraises of the English. This was an account of the "*braves gens*" with whom he had been boarding. True enough, he was a man so simple and grateful by nature that the most common civilities were able to touch him to the heart and would remain written in his memory; but from a thousand inconsiderable but

conclusive indications, I gathered that this family had really loved him and loaded him with kindness. They made a fire in his bedroom, which the sons and daughters tended with their own hands; letters from France were looked for with scarce more eagerness by himself than by these alien sympathizers; when they came, he would read them aloud in the parlor to the assembled family, translating as he went. The colonel's English was elementary; his daughter was not in the least likely to be an amusing correspondent; and as I conceived these scenes in the parlor, I felt sure that the interest centered in the colonel himself, and I thought I could feel in my own heart that mixture of the ridiculous and the pathetic, the contest of tears and laughter, which must have shaken the bosoms of the family. Their kindness had continued till the end. It appears they were privy to his flight, the camlet cloak had been lined expressly for him, and he was the bearer of a letter from the daughter of the house to his own daughter in Paris. The last evening, when the time came to say good-night, it was tacitly known to all that they were to look upon his face no more. He rose, pleading fatigue, and turned to the daughter, who had been his chief ally: "You will permit me, my dear—to an old and very unhappy soldier—and may God bless you for your goodness!" The girl threw her arms about his neck and sobbed upon his bosom; the lady of the house burst into tears; "*et je vous le jure, le père se mouchait!*" quoth the colonel, twisting his mustaches with a cavalry air, and at the same time blinking the water from his eyes at the mere recollection.

It was a good thought to me that he had found these friends in captivity; that he had started on this fatal journey from so cordial a farewell. He had broken his parole for his daughter; that he should ever live to reach her sick-bed, that he could continue to endure to an end the hardships, the crushing fatigue, the savage cold, of our pilgrimage, I had early ceased to hope. I did for him what I was able, nursed him, kept him covered, watched over his slumbers, sometimes held him in my arms at the rough places of the road. "Champdivers," he once said, "you are like a son to me—like a son." And it is good to remember, though at the time it put me on the rack. All was to no purpose. Fast as we were traveling towards France, he was traveling faster still and to another destination. Daily he grew weaker and more indifferent. An old rustic accent of Lower Normandy reappeared in his speech, from which it had long been banished, and grew stronger; old words of the *patois*, too: *ouistreham*, *matrassé*, and others, the sense of which we were sometimes unable to guess. On the very last day he began again his eternal story of the cross and the emperor. The major, who was particularly ill, or at least particularly cross, uttered some angry words of protest. "*Pardonnez moi, monsieur le commandant, mais c'est pour monsieur*," said the colonel. "Monsieur has not yet heard the circumstance, and is good enough to feel an interest." Presently after, however, he began to lose the thread of his narrative; and at last: "*Qué que j'ai? Je m'embrouille!*" says he. "*Suffit: s'm'a la donné, et Berthe en etait bien contente.*" It struck me as the falling of the curtain or the closing of the sepulchre doors.

Sure enough, in but a little while after, he fell into a sleep as gentle as an infant's, which insensibly changed into the sleep of death. I had my arm about his body at the time, and remarked nothing, unless it were that he once stretched himself a little, so kindly the end came to that disastrous life. It was only at our evening halt that the major and I discovered we were traveling alone with the poor clay. That night we stole a spade from a field—I think near Market Bosworth—and a little farther on, in a wood of young oak trees and by the light of King's lantern, we buried the old soldier of the Empire with both prayers and tears.

We had needs invent Heaven if it had not been revealed to us; there are some things that fall so bitterly ill on this side Time! As for the major, I have long since forgiven him. He broke the news to the poor colonel's daughter; I am told he did it kindly, and sure nobody could have done it without tears! His share of purgatory will be brief; and in this world, as I could not very well praise him, I have suppressed his name. The colonel's also, for the sake of his parole. *Requiescant.*

CHAPTER XV.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE ATTORNEY'S CLERK.

I HAVE mentioned our usual course, which was to eat in inconsiderable wayside hostelries, known to King. It was a dangerous business: we went daily under fire

to satisfy our appetite, and put our head in the lion's mouth for a piece of bread. Sometimes, to minimize the risk, we would all dismount before we came in view of the house, straggle in severally, and give what orders we pleased, like disconnected strangers. In like manner we departed, to find the cart at an appointed place, some half a mile beyond. The colonel and the major had each a word or two of English—help their pronunciation! But they did well enough to order a rasher and a pot or call a reckoning; and to say the truth, these country folks did not give themselves the pains, and had scarce the knowledge, to be critical.

About nine or ten at night the pains of hunger and cold drove us to an alehouse in the flats of Bedfordshire, not far from Bedford itself. In the inn kitchen was a long, lean, characteristic-looking fellow of perhaps forty, dressed in black. He sat on a settle by the fireside, smoking a long pipe, such as they call a yard of clay. His hat and wig were hanged upon the knob behind him, his head as bald as a bladder of lard, and his expression very shrewd, cantankerous, and inquisitive. He seemed to value himself above his company, to give himself the airs of a man of the world among that rustic herd; which was often no more than his due, being, as I afterwards discovered, an attorney's clerk. I took upon myself the more ungrateful part of arriving last; and by the time I entered on the scene, the major was already served at a side table. Some general conversation must have passed, and I smelled danger in the air. The major looked flustered, the attorney's clerk triumphant, and the three or four peasants in smock-frocks (who sat about the fire to play chorus) had let their pipes go out.

"Give you good evening, sir!" said the attorney's clerk to me.

"The same to you, sir," said I.

"I think this one will do," quoth the clerk to the yokels with a wink; and then, as soon as I had given my order, "Pray, sir, whither are you bound?" he added.

"Sir," said I, "I am not one of those who speak either of their business or their destination in houses of public entertainment."

"A good answer," said he, "and an excellent principle. Sir, do you speak French?"

"Why, no, sir," said I. "A little Spanish at your service."

"But you know the French accent, perhaps?" said the clerk.

"Well do I do that!" said I. "The French accent? Why, I believe I can tell a Frenchman in ten words."

"Here is a puzzle for you, then!" he said. "I have no material doubt myself, but some of these gentlemen are more backward. The lack of education, you know. I make bold to say that a man cannot walk, cannot hear, and cannot see, without the blessings of education."

He turned to the major, whose food plainly stuck in his throat.

"Now, sir," pursued the clerk, "let me have the pleasure to hear your voice again. Where are you going, did you say?"

"Sare, I am go—ing to Lon—don," said the major.

I could have flung my plate at him to be such an ass and to have so little a gift of languages where that was the essential.

"What think ye of that?" said the clerk. "Is that French enough?"

"Well, well!" cried I, leaping up like one who should suddenly perceive an acquaintance, "is this you, Mr. Dubois? Why, who would have dreamed of encountering you so far from home?" As I spoke, I shook hands with the major heartily; and turning to our tormentor, "Oh, sir, you may be perfectly reassured! This is a very honest fellow, a late neighbor of mine in the city of Carlisle."

I thought the attorney looked put out; I little knew the man.

"But he is French," said he, "for all that?"

"Ay, to be sure!" said I. "A Frenchman of the emigration! None of your Bonaparte lot. I will warrant his views of politics to be as sound as your own."

"What is a little strange," said the clerk quietly, "is that Mr. Dubois should deny it."

I got it fair in the face, and took it smiling; but the shock was rude, and in the course of the next words I contrived to do what I have rarely done and make a slip in my English. I kept my liberty and life by my proficiency all these months, and for once that I failed it is not to be supposed that I would make a public exhibition of the details. Enough that it was a very little error, and one that might have passed ninety-nine times in a hundred. But my limb of the law was as swift to pick it up as though he had been by trade a master of languages.

"Aha!" cries he; "and you are French, too! You tongue bewrays you. Two Frenchmen coming into an alehouse, severally and accidentally, not knowing each

other, at ten of the clock at night, in the middle of Bedfordshire? No, sir, that shall not pass! You are all prisoners escaping, if you are nothing worse. Consider yourselves under arrest. I have to trouble you for your papers."

"Where is your warrant, if you come to that?" said I. "My papers! A likely thing that I would show my papers on the *ipse dixit* of an unknown fellow in a hedge alehouse!"

"Would you resist the law?" says he.

"Not the law, sir," said I. "I hope I am too good a subject for that. But for a nameless fellow with a bald head and a pair of gingham small-clothes, why, certainly! 'Tis my birthright as an Englishman. Where's *Magna Charta*, else?"

"We will see about that," says he; and then, addressing the assistants, "Where does the constable live?"

"Lord love you, sir!" cried the landlord, "what are you thinking of? The constable at past ten at night! Why, he's abed and asleep, and good and drunk two hours agone!"

"Ah, that a' be!" came in chorus from the yokels.

The attorney's clerk was put to a stand. He could not think of force; there was little sign of martial ardor about the landlord, and the peasants were indifferent—they only listened, and gaped, and now scratched a head, and now would get a light to their pipe from the embers on the hearth. On the other hand, the major and I put a bold front on the business and defied him, not without some ground of law. In this state of matters he proposed I should go along with him to one Squire Merton, a great man of the neighborhood, who was in the commission of the peace, and the end of his avenue but three lanes away. I told him I would not stir a foot for him if it were to save his soul. Next he proposed that I should stay all night where I was, and the constable could see to my affair in the morning, when he was sober. I replied I should go when and where I pleased; that we were lawful travelers in the fear of God and the king, and I for one would suffer myself to be stayed by nobody. At the same time, I was thinking the matter had lasted altogether too long, and I determined to bring it to an end at once.

"See here," said I, getting up, for till now I had remained carelessly seated, "there's only one way to decide a thing like this—only one way that's right *English*—and that's man to man. Take off your coat, sir, and these gentlemen shall see fair play."

At this there came a look in his eye that I could not mistake. His education had been neglected in one essential and eminently British particular: he could not box. No more could I, you may say; but then I had the more impudence—and I had made the proposal.

"He says I'm no Englishman, but the proof of the pudding is the eating of it," I continued. And here I stripped my coat and fell into the proper attitude, which was just about all I knew of this barbarian art. "Why, sir, you seem to me to hang back a little," said I. "Come, I'll meet you; I'll give you an appetizer—though hang me if I can understand the man that wants any enticement to hold up his hands." I drew a bank-note out of my fob and tossed it to the landlord. "There are the stakes," said I. "I'll fight you for first blood, since you seem to make so much work about it. If you tap my claret first, there are five guineas for you, and I'll go with you to any squire you choose to mention. If I tap yours, you'll perhaps let on that I'm the better man, and allow me to go about my lawful business at my own time and convenience. Is that fair, my lads?" says I, appealing to the company.

"Ay, ay," said the chorus of chawbacons; "he can't say no fairer nor that, he can't. Take thy coat off, master!"

The limb of the law was now on the wrong side of public opinion, and, what heartened me to go on, the position was rapidly changing in our favor. Already the major was paying his shot to the very indifferent landlord, and I could see the white face of King at the back door, making signals of haste.

"Oho!" quoth my enemy, "you are as full of doubles as a fox, are you not? But I see through you; I see through and through you. You would change the venue, would you?"

"I may be transparent, sir," says I, "but if you'll do me the favor to stand up, you'll find I can hit pretty hard."

"Which is a point, if you will observe, that I have never called in question," said he. "Why, you ignorant clowns," he proceeded, addressing the company, "can't you see the fellow is gulling you before your eyes? Can't you see that he's changed the point upon me? I say he's a French prisoner, and he answers that he can box! What has that to do with it? I would not wonder but what he can dance,

too — they're all dancing-masters over there. I say, and I stick to it, that he's a Frenchy. He says he isn't. Well, then, let him out with his papers, if he has them! If he had, would he not show them? If he had, would he not jump at the idea of going to Squire Merton, a man you all know? Now, you're all plain, straightforward Bedfordshire men, and I wouldn't ask a better lot to appeal to. You're not the kind to be talked over with any French gammon, and he's plenty of that. But let me tell him, he can take his pigs to another market; they'll never do here; they'll never go down in Bedfordshire. Why, look at the man! Look at his feet! Has anybody got a foot in the room like that? See how he stands! Do any of you fellows stand like that? Does the landlord, there? Why, he has Frenchman wrote all over him, as big as a sign-post!"

This was all very well; and in a different scene I might even have been gratified by his remarks; but I saw clearly, if I were to allow him to talk, he might turn the tables on me altogether. He might not be much of a hand at boxing; but I was much mistaken or he had studied forensic eloquence in a good school. In this predicament, I could think of nothing more ingenious than to burst out of the house, under the pretext of an ungovernable rage. It was certainly not very ingenious—it was elementary; but I had no choice.

"You white-livered dog!" I broke out. "Do you dare to tell me you're an Englishman, and won't fight? But I'll stand no more of this! I'll leave this place, where I've been insulted! Here! what's to pay? Pay yourself!" I went on, offering the landlord a handful of silver, "and give me back my bank-note!"

The landlord, following his usual policy of obliging everybody, offered no opposition to my design. The position of my adversary was now thoroughly bad. He had lost my two companions. He was on the point of losing me also. There was plainly no hope of arousing the company to help; and, watching him with a corner of my eye, I saw him hesitate for a moment. The next he had taken down his hat and his wig, which was of black horsehair; and I saw him draw from behind the settle a vast hooded great-coat and a small valise. "Is the rascal," thought I, "going to follow me?"

(To be continued.)

ANDREW JACKSON AT HOME.

REMINISCENCES BY HIS GRANDDAUGHTER RACHEL JACKSON LAWRENCE.

I WAS near thirteen years of age when my grandfather died, and, having lived those years under his roof, our association was much closer than, and very different from, that common between grandfather and granddaughter. Apart from this, I was bound to him by the closer tie of being named for his beloved wife Rachel.

General Jackson was warmly attached to many of his wife's relatives and connections. Having no children of his own, he legally adopted his wife's nephew, when only three days old, taking him to the Hermitage, and naming him Andrew Jackson, his son and heir. He ever felt for this son the most devoted attachment, and he was his only solace after the death of his wife. As a young man, twenty-one years of age, he accompanied his father to the White House in 1829, and in the fall of 1831 married Miss Sarah Yorke of Philadelphia, and brought her, a lovely bride, as a daughter to General Jackson, who welcomed her with the tenderest affection. With him there at the White House until the early spring of 1837, this son and daughter, with two grandchildren, Rachel and Andrew, constituted General Jackson's little family, and with him returned to the Hermitage at the close of his presidency.

I remember the journey perfectly, although only five years of age. General Jackson and my mother occupied the back seat of the old family coach, and my father and the general's physician, Dr. Gwynn, were on the front seat. My brother and myself (the two grandchildren, Rachel and Andrew) were in a chartered stage-coach, with our colored nurses, faithful Gracie and Louisa, entrusted to the charge of Colonel Earl. Major W. B. Lewis and one or two other gentlemen, friends of

my grandfather, were in the stage also. The coach was overturned, which caused great excitement; but, fortunately, no one was injured. This incident served to impress the journey on my memory. There was a perfect ovation to General Jackson all along the route. In one town where we stopped, a wreath of laurel leaves was brought and placed upon his head. During the journey he gave away one hundred and fifty silver half-dollars to namesakes, saying to many of the mothers who presented their children to him, as he gave the pieces, "This is our country's eagle. It will do for the little one to cut his teeth on now, but teach him to love and defend it." In those days it took nearly a month to travel from Washington to the Hermitage.

I have mentioned Colonel Earl as being entrusted with the care of us children on the homeward journey. He was the artist who painted so many portraits of General Jackson. He had married a niece of Mrs. Jackson, and was a warm admirer and devoted friend of General Jackson, and he was in every respect worthy of the great attachment my grandfather and all our family had for him. He lived but a few months after our return to the Hermitage.

He was ill only a few hours, and died at dawn. I believe he had been out too much in the hot sun, engaged in laying off the lawn in front of the Hermitage. My mother suggested it, and he drew the plan in the shape of a guitar. He also drew the plan for flower beds in the center of the garden and around Mrs. Jackson's tomb; in all of which grandfather took great interest and was constantly present. The large cedar trees that now form an avenue from the Hermitage to the front gate and around all the walks and drives, were set out then.

I have a small portrait by Colonel Earl, taken at Washington in the spring of 1837. Grandfather is standing on the back porch of the White House, with cane in hand, and his hat on a chair near by. His military cloak is thrown across his shoulders. My brother, Colonel Jackson, has a portrait by Colonel Earl of General Jackson in uniform, on his old white horse, "Sam Patch." I always admired that picture very much. It recalls such delightful associations and remembrances. It was on this old horse, after our return from Washington, that my grandfather took me, every morning after breakfast, and rode around the farm to see the stock. He would stop and talk awhile with old Dunwoody, at the negro's cabin, about the colts; then to the fields, where the servants were at work picking out cotton; and as soon as he came up and spoke to them, always kindly and gently, they would give three loud cheers for "old master." At first I rode before him, but when larger I rode behind him. When the old horse died at the Hermitage, he was buried there with military honors.

Although none of General Jackson's blood flows in my veins, he is in my heart, and ever will be, my revered and beloved grandfather. Sweet memories of his loving kindness rise up constantly before me. Especially do I love to think of him as he appeared at night. After he had conducted family prayers—first reading a chapter from the Bible, then giving out a hymn, two lines at a time, which all joined in singing, and then kneeling in prayer—we went into my mother's room, adjoining his, while my father, with the general's old servant, George, who always slept in his room, assisted him to bed. Then my mother and I would go into his room to bid him good-night. His bedstead was very high, with tall, solid mahogany posts. Three steps covered with carpet stood alongside, and, as I stood on the top, and, on tip-toe, leaned over to kiss him, he would place his hand most tenderly on my head as he kissed me, saying, "Bless my baby, bless my little Rachel. Good-night." I turned away from him always impressed with his tenderness and love for me.

He grew very feeble toward the end of his days, although he would walk several times up and down the long porch every afternoon, with his tall ebony cane in his right hand, and my mother, his beloved daughter-in-law, on his left. I can hear now in my imagination the ring of his cane as it struck the stone flagging. Just before sunset he always walked alone to the tomb of his wife in the garden at the Hermitage.

At last the end came, and that great and wonderful man's spirit left earth for heaven. I returned from school Friday evening, and he died on Sunday, June 8th, at a little past six o'clock in the evening. We were all around him, and the evening's sun-rays shone in the windows, illuminating the sad room. My father had his arm about him, supporting his head, while faithful George held the pillows behind his back. My mother stood next, holding his hand, and her sister, Aunt Adams, next to her. Our family physician, Dr. Esselman,

was there. I stood at the foot of grandfather's bed, an old-fashioned one without any foot-board, with my hand near his feet, but looking intently into his face, with the only anguish my child's heart had ever felt or known. I noticed the slightest tremor pass to his feet; but did not understand it until Dr. Esselman said, "All is over." He had taken leave of us shortly before, calmly and affectionately. His last consecutive words were, "My dear children and friends and servants, I hope and trust to meet you all in heaven, both white and black," looking at all with the tenderest solicitude. He ceased to speak, but fixed his eyes intently on me, and looked, Dr. Esselman said, as though he was invoking the choicest blessing of heaven to rest upon me, the namesake of his cherished wife.

As showing the nature of General Jackson's heart and the fine quality of his love better than any words of mine can possibly do, I will add here some passages from his letters written to my mother at intervals when she was separated from him. Often at night, when his labors and duties forbade the leisure in the day time, he would write; he could not sleep without first writing at least a few lines to her.

April 23, 1832.—"I have this moment rec'd your kind, affectionate letter from Wheeling. It was a balm to my anxious mind, for I began to fear that some accident must have happened and your silence was lest the information might give me pain. I rejoice at your safe arrival at Wheeling, and I hope soon to hear of your safe arrival at the Hermitage. I am truly glad to hear that Andrew has got safely on his fine dog. I was uneasy, as I knew his anxiety to have him lest he might be lost on the way. A dog is one of the most affectionate of all the animal species, and is worthy of regard, and Andrew's attachment for his dog is an evidence of the goodness of his heart. You must write me when you reach the Hermitage, on the farm, the garden, the colts, etc., how the servants are, and how clothed and fed, and, my dear Sarah, drop a kind tear over the tomb of my dear wife in the garden for me."

July 11, 1832.—"I regret to learn that Andrew has been sick. I am fearful he has exposed himself to some dissipation, hunting or fishing. You must control him, by your affectionate admonitions, from everything that may injure his health. My health is not good. My labor has been too great. I send you enclosed my veto of the bank bill. It has given me much labor. It was delivered to me on the 4th instant, and my message delivered at 10 o'clock A.M. yesterday. With my sincere prayer to an over-ruling Providence that He may take you all under His holy keeping and bless you with health and contentment, believe me your affectionate father. P. S.—Present me to all my servants, and tell them I send my prayers for their health and happiness."

July 17, 1832.—"Congress rose yesterday, and in a few days I shall set out on my way to the Hermitage, where, if health permit, I hope to reach by the 10th or 12th of next month. I rejoice to hear of your health and that of my son and the family, but regret to find your alarm about the cholera. This is not right, my dear child. We ought not to fear death; we know we have all to die, and we ought to live to learn to die well. The cholera is said to be here at Gadsby's. This I don't believe; still it may be true, and I feel myself just as safe as [if] it was 1,000 miles distance, for whenever Providence wills it death must come."

December 22, 1833.—"I wish you and Andrew and my dear little pet Rachel the joys of the season. This I shall ever be deprived of, for on this night five years gone by I was bereaved of my dear wife, and with that bereavement forever after the joys of Christmas in a temporal sense."

September 6, 1835.—"I have had a continual headache until yesterday evening since you left. Am now clear of it. You have not said when you will leave for Washington. I am anxious to see my dear little ones. I appeared to be lost for some time not hearing Andrew in the night, until Mrs. Call, with her child, arrived and I put Mary in your room, whose little one, about the same hour in the night, wakes as Andrew did and appears to be company to me. I do not wish to hurry you, my dear Sarah, but only to say, I would, when it meets your convenience, be glad to see you all home."

LIFE PORTRAITS OF ANDREW JACKSON.

Born in Waxhaw, Carolina, March 15, 1767. Died at the Hermitage, Tennessee, June 8, 1845.

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

ANDREW JACKSON, seventh President of the United States, began his public career when a boy of thirteen, by falling into the hands of the British. At twenty-one he was public prosecutor for the district which was formed into Tennessee, and was the first and only Member of Congress from Tennessee 1796–97; United States Senator 1797–98; Justice of the Supreme Court of Tennessee 1798–1804; defeated the Creek Indians in 1813 and 1814; captured Pensacola from the English in 1814; defeated the English at New Orleans, January 8, 1815; commanded against the Seminoles 1817–18; was appointed Governor of Florida in 1821; was United States Senator from Tennessee 1823–25; and was President of the United States from March 4, 1829, to March 4, 1837.

Of the early presidents, Jackson's portrait is the most familiar next to Washington's. Yet the original portraits of him have been the most difficult to find of any in the present series. The first that we have is a crude miniature at twenty-nine. The next is of unusual historical and personal interest. It was painted immediately after the victory at New Orleans, when Jackson was forty-eight years of age, and was sent by him, on the eve of his departure from that city, to Edward Livingston, in whose family it is preserved, framed with the autograph note that accompanied it, as a treasured heirloom. Being a miniature, it discounts at least a decade from Jackson's appearance. It was painted by Jean François Vallée. There are also reproduced here original portraits by Charles Willson Peale in 1819, by Ralph E. W. Earl in 1828, 1830, and 1835; by Joel Tanner Hart in 1838, and by Dan Adams and by George Peter Alexander Healy in 1845.

Jackson was a much painted man; but many of these portraits are now known only through prints, the original paintings having escaped discovery. John Wesley Jarvis, who was constantly flitting between New York and New Orleans, painted a military bust portrait of Jackson in 1815, which two generations ago belonged to Jonathan Hunt. Two years later Samuel L. Waldo painted a portrait of Jackson, "wholly in the presence of the sitter," which is owned by Mr. John M. Hoe of New York. From it he painted a whole-length, now in the Custom House, New Orleans.

John Vanderlyn, whose picture of Ariadne is the finest nude painting yet produced by an American artist, painted a whole-length portrait of Jackson for the corporation of New York, which hangs in the City Hall. A replica belongs to the city of Charleston, South Carolina.

Anna Claypoole Peale accompanied her uncle, Charles Willson Peale, to Washington, where she painted a miniature of General Jackson which was exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in May, 1819; and the following year, at the same place, William Birch, who was the first enameler, in every sense, in this country, exhibited an enamel of Jackson.

C. B. King painted a portrait of Jackson in 1822; and Joseph Wood, justly distinguished for his miniatures and small cabinet portraits on panel, painted the well-known portrait of Jackson in military cloak, with hair flowing, which was first engraved for Eaton's campaign life of Jackson, issued in 1824.

On September 23, 1829, James Barton Longacre drew a portrait of Jackson from life which he engraved and published in the "National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans." From its fine characterization this has become a standard portrait of Jackson, and Longacre painted a number of small miniatures from it for breastpins. Longacre made a second drawing about the same time, in which Jackson is represented with a white collar, instead of the stiff black stock shown in the first. This portrait has not been reproduced. It is owned by the artist's daughter, Mrs. Horatio C. Wood of Philadelphia.

William J. Hubard, who was born in England and was killed by the explosion of a shell in Richmond, Virginia, in 1862,

painted in 1830 a thoroughly characteristic whole-length portrait in cabinet size of General Jackson. It was done for Colonel C. G. Childs of Philadelphia, who had it drawn on stone by the deaf and dumb artist, Albert Newsam. Jackson is represented full front, seated, with his hands clasped over his knees. In the same year, 1830, August Hervieu, a French artist, who came to this country in company with Mrs. Trollope, and later designed the illustrations for her "Domestic Manners of the Americans," in one of which he depicts Jackson on horseback, painted a whole-length, life-size military portrait of Jackson, which is now in the Redwood Library, Newport, Rhode Island. It is signed and dated, but is worthy of mention only because it exists.

Hoppner Meyer, a nephew of the celebrated John Hoppner, visited this country, and painted a miniature of Jackson wearing spectacles, which was presented to the President, New Year's Day, 1833. The next day General Jackson sent it to his daughter-in-law, writing, "Having rec'd the within as a New Year's gift, I enclose it to you, having nothing better which I can convey by mail." It now belongs to Mrs. Rachel Jackson Lawrence, and has been engraved.

The distinguished landscape painter Asher Brown Durand, who was "easily first among American engravers and the peer of any of his European contemporaries," before he forsook the graver for the brush, went to Washington in the winter of 1835 to paint a portrait of General Jackson for Mr. Lauman Reed, an early and intelligent encourager of American art. Mr. Reed presented the portrait to the Museum at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Afterwards it was transferred to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland. A replica is in the rooms of the New York Historical Society.

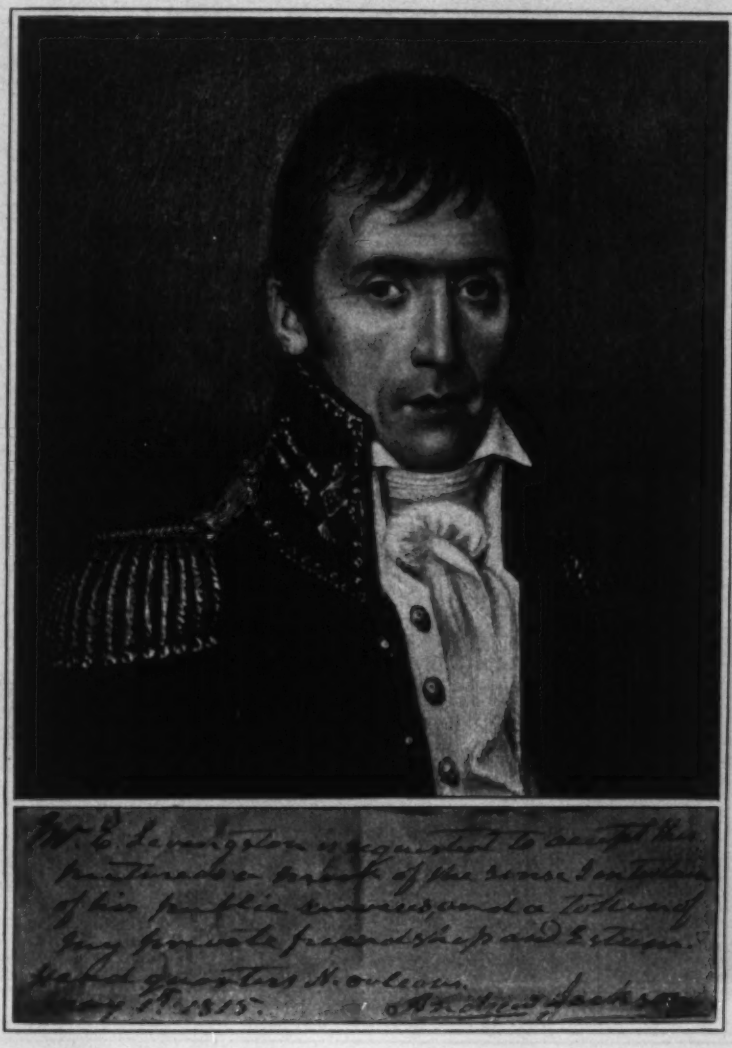
A miniature of General Jackson, signed "S. M. Charles, 1836," is owned by Colonel Wright Rives, U. S. A. Another was painted in 1839 by Miner K. Kellogg of Cincinnati, which now belongs to the artist's widow, Olive Logan. Yet another was painted at the Hermitage in 1842, by John W. Dodge of New York. This was skilfully engraved by M. I. Danforth, and published jointly by painter and engraver. The head from this miniature was used on the large black two-cent postage stamp issued in 1863. This stamp became the means of extensive swindling through the medium of newspaper advertisements offering "a fine steel engraving of Andrew Jackson for twenty-five cents."

America's first native-born sculptor, William Rush, exhibited a bust of Jackson in 1824 at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. John Frazee also modeled Jackson, and busts of him by Hiram Powers are owned by Colonel Andrew Jackson and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. There are portraits of Jackson in the State Capitols at Nashville, Tennessee, and Atlanta, Georgia. There is also a portrait in the possession of the Tennessee Historical Society. Most of these are whole-lengths, but it is impossible to ascertain anything authentic concerning them.

General Jackson had light blue eyes and sandy hair. His form and figure were easily caricatured, and some of the most distinguishing and life-like portraits of him are to be found in the caricatures which were produced in extraordinary numbers during the period of his presidential candidacies and administrations. An English traveler of the time says, "General Jackson is tall, bony, and thin, with an erect military bearing, and a head set with a considerable *fierté* upon his shoulders. A stranger would at once pronounce upon his profession, and his frame and features, voice and action, have a natural and most peculiar warlikeness. He has, not to speak disrespectfully, a *game cock* all over him. His face is unlike any other. Its prevailing expression is energy; but there is, so to speak, a lofty honorableness in its worn lines. His eye is of a dangerous fixedness, deep-set, and overhung by bushy gray eyebrows. His features long, with strong ridgy lines running through his cheeks. His forehead a good deal seamed, and his white hair stiff and wiry, brushed obstinately back."

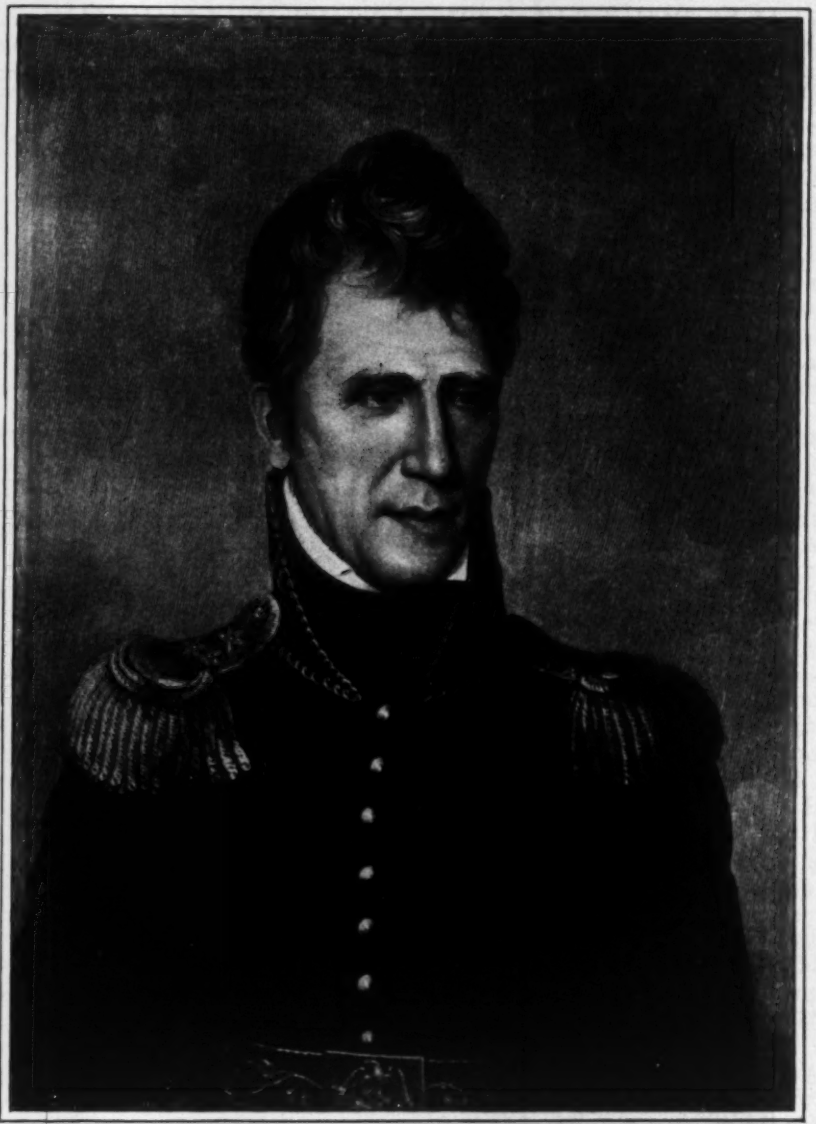
There is but one original portrait from life of General Jackson's wife. It is a miniature painted in 1819 by Miss Anna C. Peale, and is reproduced herewith. The noted episode of Jackson's marriage to Rachel Donelson, the wife of Lewis Robarts, upon the false report of her being divorced, was the source of some of his most bitter quarrels with political opponents. Mrs. Jackson was born in North Carolina in the year of Jackson's own birth, and died at the Hermitage, December 22, 1828. Jackson's devotion to her and to her memory is matter of history. It is emphasized in the note to her miniature and also in the reminiscences of him by his granddaughter, published in this number of McClure's.

LIFE PORTAITS OF ANDREW JACKSON.



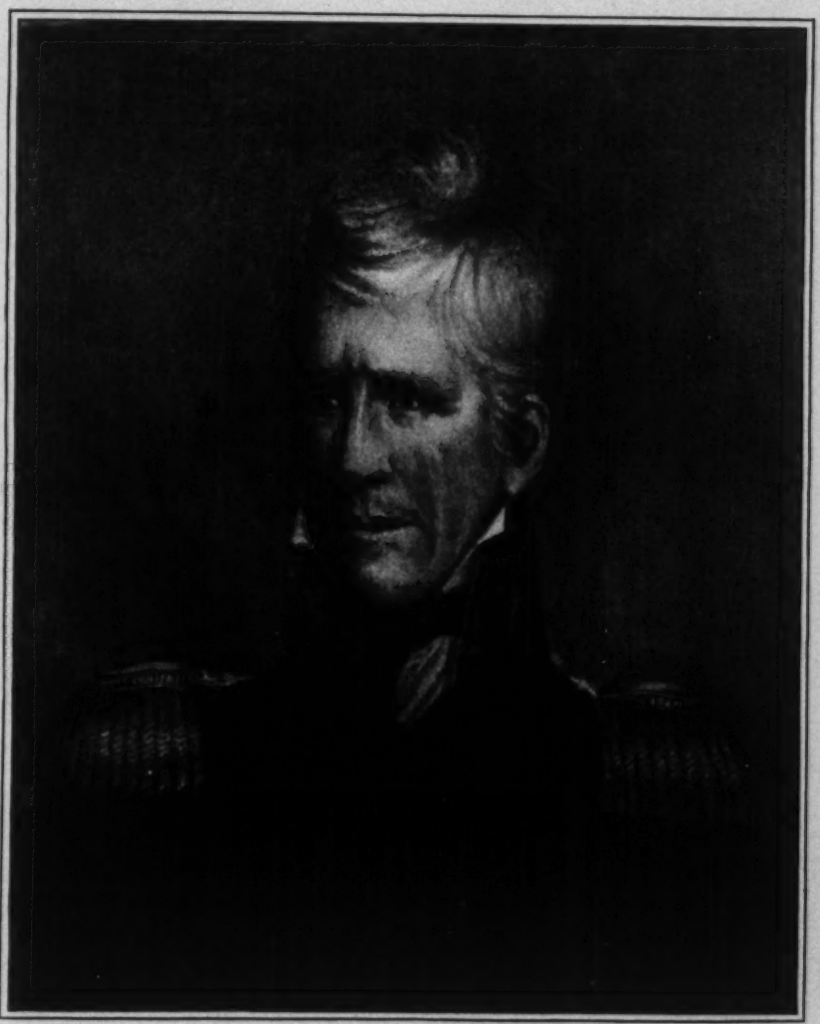
ANDREW JACKSON IN 1815. AGE 48. PAINTED BY VALLÉE.

From the original miniature by Jean François Vallée, owned by Miss Louise Livingston Hunt, Barrytown, New York. Ivory, 2⅞ by 3 inches. Vallée was the artist of the profile of Washington reproduced in McClure's Magazine for February (page 303). As his name indicates, he was a Frenchman, and it is amusing to note how thoroughly he has imbued this portrait of Jackson with the Napoleonic feeling; just as Stuart gave to so many of Washington's contemporaries Washington's cast of countenance. The epoch of this portrait makes it of great interest, which is enhanced by its history. It was painted in New Orleans, shortly after the battle of January 8, 1815, and was presented by Jackson to Edward Livingston. During the second war with England, Edward Livingston, the distinguished jurist and author of the Louisiana code, served as aide to Jackson, who commanded the United States troops in the southwest. He is said to have acted as his "aid-de-camp, military secretary, interpreter, orator, spokesman, and confidential adviser upon all subjects." It is not remarkable, then, that before leaving New Orleans, which was Livingston's home, Jackson should have had his portrait painted to present to Livingston. The autograph note that accompanied the miniature is here reproduced with it in facsimile.

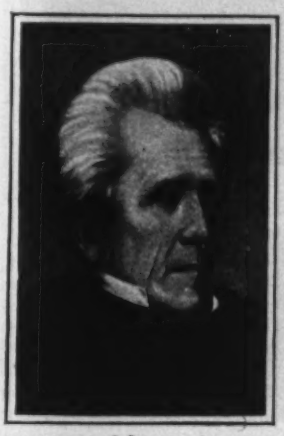


ANDREW JACKSON IN 1819. AGE 52. PAINTED BY C. W. PEALE.

From the original portrait painted by Charles Willson Peale; now in the possession of Mr. Stan V. Henkels, Philadelphia. Canvas, 23 by 28 inches. Charles Willson Peale was a truly remarkable man, and in nothing more so than in his virility. At the age of eighty-two he wrote to Commodore Porter, "My health continues so good as to enable me to pursue my labors of the brush, even without the use of spectacles, and I may yet hope to raise my name as artist, as well as naturalist, and thus leave a monument of industry to my country." This last allusion is to his having abandoned the easel upon his discovery of the mammoth in 1801 and devoted himself thereafter to natural history, until he resumed art experimentally upon a visit to Washington, instigated thereto by the pleasure he derived from the work of his son Rembrandt. He arrived in Washington November 19, 1818, and remained until January 30, 1819. In this brief period he painted nineteen portraits for his Museum Gallery, beginning with the President, Monroe, and ending with Andrew Jackson. January 23d he writes, "Yesterday General Jackson arrived, and this morning Colonel Johnson, at my request, spoke to him to obtain his consent to sit. I then waited on him to make an appointment. He will sit after breakfast to-morrow." January 24th he writes, "I have begun a portrait to-day of General Jackson and he will give me another sitting at sun-rising to-morrow morning." On the 27th he writes, "To-morrow morning I shall put the finish to General Jackson's portrait." From this record it will be seen that the portrait reproduced was painted in three, or not more than four, sittings.

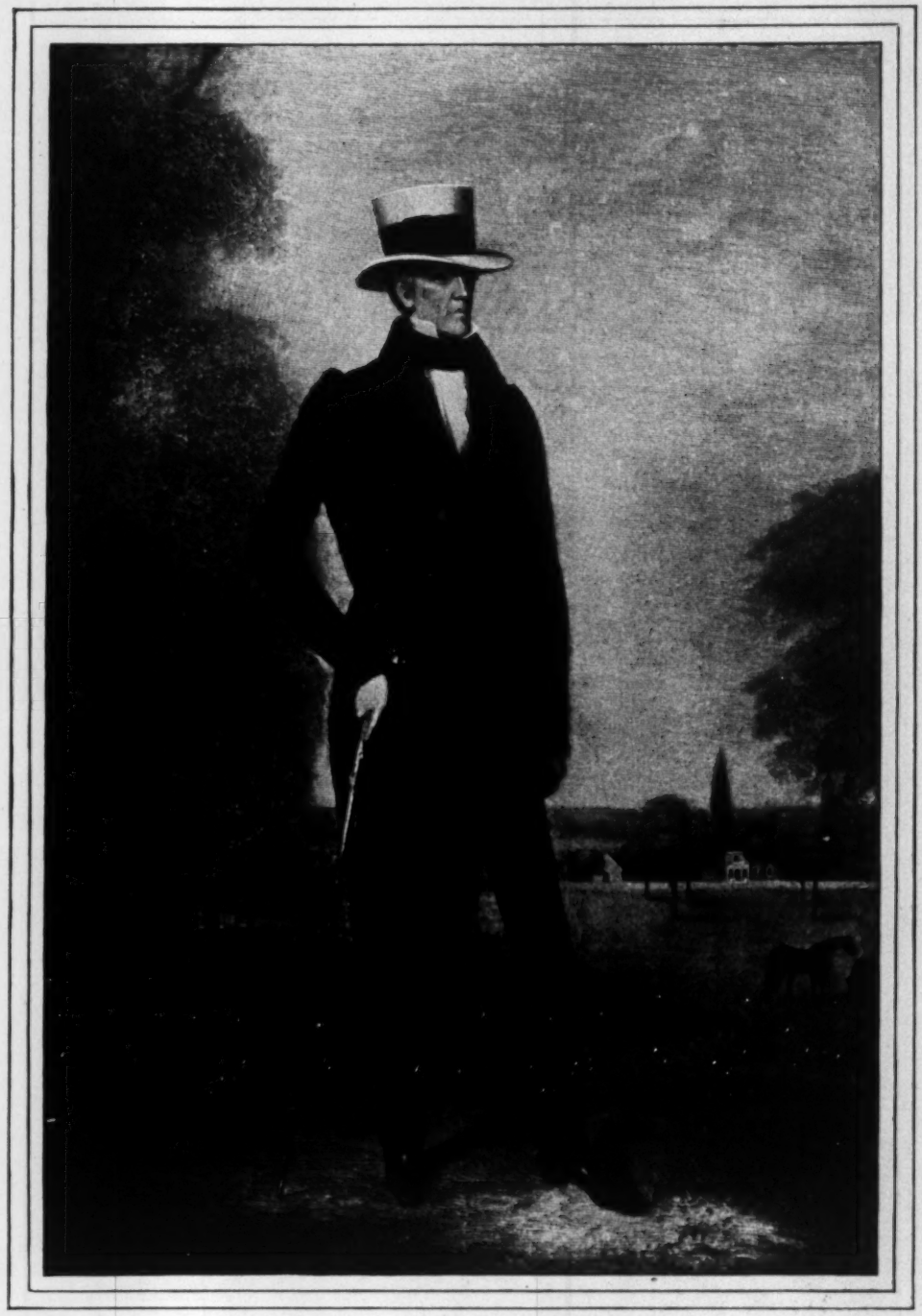


ANDREW JACKSON IN 1830. AGE 63. PAINTED BY R. E. W. EARL.



JACKSON IN 1828. AGE 61. EARL.

From the original portrait painted by Ralph E. W. Earl, in the United States National Museum, Washington, D. C. Canvas, 30 by 36 inches. Ralph E. W. Earl was the son of Ralph Earl, who was distinguished as among the best of the early American artists and painted the portrait of Mrs. Alexander Hamilton reproduced in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for April. The son went to London in 1809, and during his stay there had the advantage of intercourse with West and Trumbull. At the end of a year he went to Norwich, his mother's native place, where he painted for four years. In the autumn of 1814 he visited Paris. Toward the close of 1815 he returned to the United States, and later visited "the Western country," to obtain the portrait of General Jackson for a picture of the Battle of New Orleans which he had in contemplation. He then took up his residence in Nashville, and in 1818 married Miss Caffery, a niece of General Jackson's wife. She died within a twelvemonth, at the age of eighteen. Thus was cemented the friendship that made Earl, upon the death of Mrs. Jackson, a member of the household at the Hermitage and later at the White House. He died suddenly, Sept. 16, 1837, and is buried in the garden at the Hermitage.—The portrait of 1828 is owned by Colonel Andrew Jackson, Cincinnati, Ohio. Canvas, 25 by 30 inches.

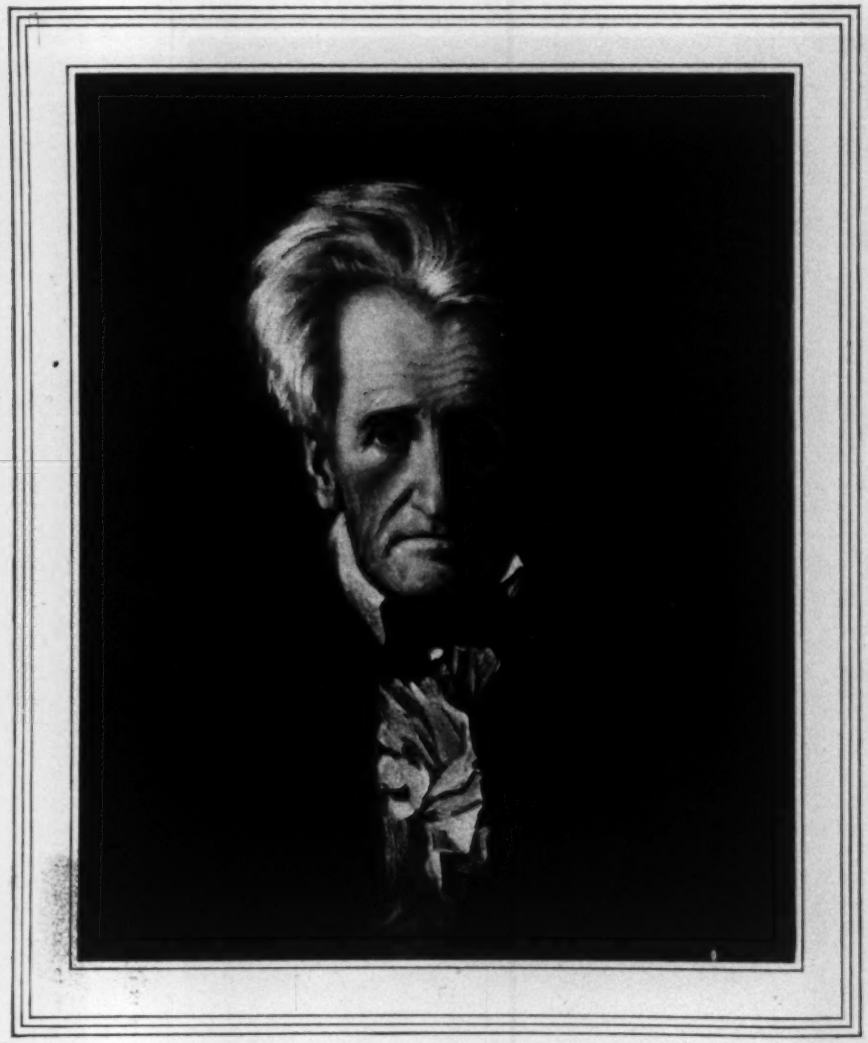


ANDREW JACKSON IN 1835. AGE 68. PAINTED BY EARL.

From the original portrait painted by R. E. W. Earl and owned by Mr. William H. Frear, Troy, New York. Canvas, 22 by 28 inches. Parton says that Earl "resided at the White House during the whole period of Jackson's occupation of it, engaged always in painting the President's portrait;" and adds: "It was well understood by the seekers of presidential favor that it did no harm to order a portrait of General Jackson from this artist, who was facetiously named 'the King's painter.'" Earl did paint an enormous number of portraits of Jackson, but the majority of them are clearly copies one of another with changes in costume and surroundings. The most interesting is the one here reproduced, which shows Jackson as he walked the streets of Washington, though in the setting of the Hermitage farm. According to Parton it was painted for "a successful politician," who by an inscription on the canvas seems to have been "W. C. H. Waddell."

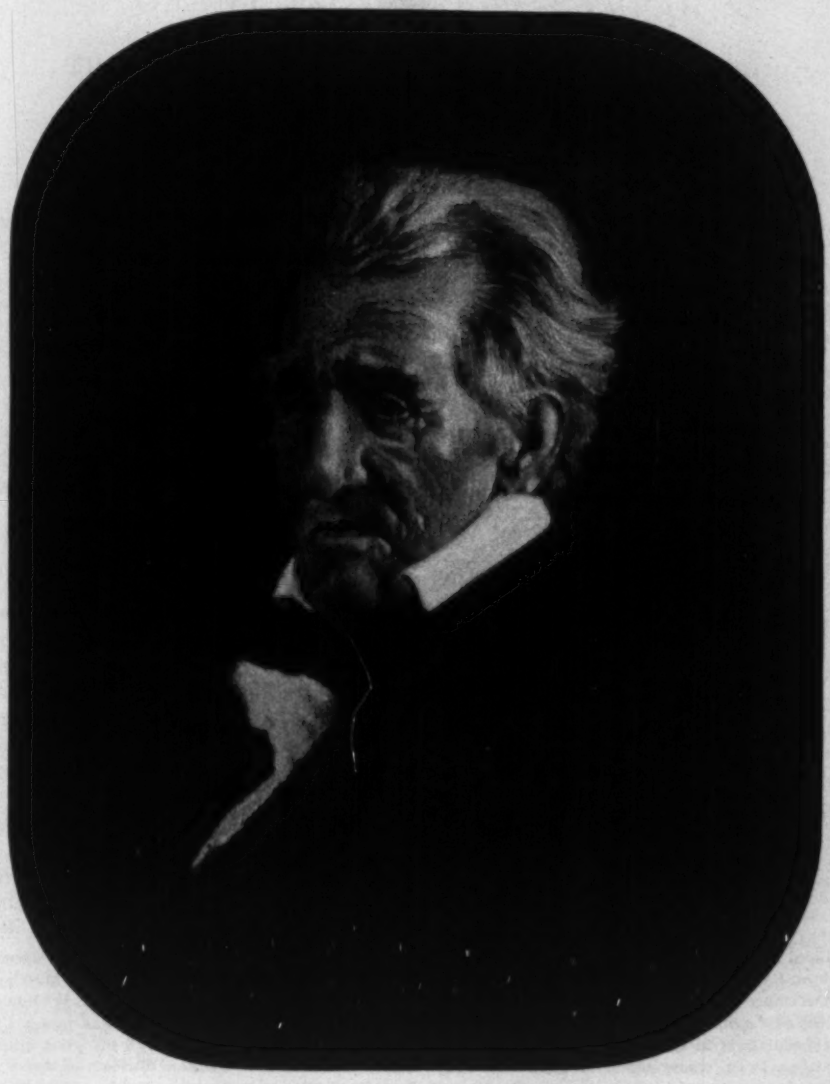
ANDREW JACKSON IN 1838. AGE 71. THREE VIEWS OF A BUST MODELED BY J. T. HART.

From the original marble, in the State Capitol at Frankfort, Kentucky. Joel Tanner Hart was born in Clark County, Kentucky, in 1810, and died in Florence, Italy, March 2, 1877. He first handled tools as a stone-mason, then as a stone-cutter, and finally as a sculptor of rare realistic power in his portrait busts and of delicate refinement in his ideal creations. Apart from some studies in anatomy at Transylvania University, Hart seems to have had but little education or art instruction until he went to Florence in 1849. But he had ingenuity, and invented an apparatus for obtaining mechanically the outline of a head from life. He also constructed poems, which he esteemed as superior to his sculpture, proving anew that "no man is a judge in his own case." His nude female figure with a Cupid, which he called first "Venus" and later "Purity," but which is now dubbed "The Triumph of Chastity," is quite as well composed and modeled as Powers's more famous Greek Slave. It was presented to his native State by "the Women of the Blue Grass," and is in the corridor of the court-house at Lexington. The bust of General Jackson here reproduced is signed, "The original modeled at the Hermitage, U. S. A., in December, 1838, by J. T. Hart, *aet.*"



ANDREW JACKSON IN 1845. AGE 78. PAINTED BY HEALY.

From the original portrait painted by G. P. A. Healy and owned by Colonel Andrew Jackson, Cincinnati, Ohio. Canvas, 20 by 24 inches. George Peter Alexander Healy was born in Boston, Massachusetts, July 15, 1813, and died in Chicago, Illinois, June 14, 1895. In 1836 he went to Paris, where he lived off and on for the best part of his life; but his American home was in Chicago. His industry and facility of execution were marvelous; the portraits he painted number many hundreds. For years he was the fashionable painter of Americans, whether at home or abroad, owing chiefly, no doubt, to his employment by Louis Philippe to furnish pictures for Versailles. His success was phenomenal, considering the low merit of his art. His work is thoroughly artificial. It lacks simplicity and refinement, effects being sought by theatrical posing and exaggerations. Healy was a charming companion, and published late in life a volume of "Reminiscences" which is readable but not reliable, a condition commonly attending the recording from memory of events that happened long before. He gives in this book considerable space to the incidents connected with the painting of the portrait of Jackson here reproduced, which was begun May 1, 1845, and was completed May 30th, only a few days before the general's death, the painter being still at the Hermitage when Jackson died. But several of Healy's statements in this connection are erroneous, such as that the "original portrait" is in the Corcoran Art Gallery, and that he painted a second portrait of Jackson from life. The Corcoran Gallery picture is a replica, a very interesting illustration of the marked differences and distinctions between original pictures, replicas, and copies; while the second portrait painted by Healy at the Hermitage was a composite picture, made from the portraits by Earl and his own just completed, because he wanted a portrait of Jackson in his prime for Versailles. Healy's account of Jackson's declaring that "not for all the kings in Christendom" would he sit and that he wanted to die in peace, and then of his affectionately yielding to the solicitation of his beloved daughter-in-law, together with the account of the death-bed scene, shows how "Old Hickory's" temperament and characteristics remained the same to the last.



ANDREW JACKSON IN 1845. AGE 78. BY ADAMS.

From the original daguerreotype by Dan Adams of Nashville, Tennessee, now owned by Colonel Andrew Jackson of Cincinnati. Size, 1¼ inches by ⅝ of an inch, with the head but one-quarter of an inch in diameter. Enlargement by Charles Truscott of Philadelphia. This daguerreotype was taken in Jackson's bedroom at the Hermitage, on April 15, 1845, when the general was very weak and his whole body much swollen from dropsy. His granddaughter Mrs. Rachel Jackson Lawrence writes, "I have a vivid recollection of the arrangement for taking this likeness, in which I was greatly interested. He was much opposed to having it taken and was very feeble at the time. I still have the old plates of some earlier daguerreotypes, but they are entirely faded out." This is without doubt the most important portrait of Jackson in existence. There is a living human interest excited in looking upon a man's reflected image that no Rembrandt, Reynolds, or Stuart can arouse. The daguerreotype is as near to the living man as we can get. Not even the sensitive paper of the photographic negative intervenes.—Owing to the intended reproduction of the whole-length of Jackson by Thomas Sully in the Corcoran Art Gallery and its withdrawal on finding it a copy dated 1845, instead of an original dated 1825, as published by the Gallery, no mention will be found here of Sully's life portraits of Jackson.

MRS. ANDREW JACKSON IN 1819. AGE 52. PAINTED BY ANNA C. PEALE.

Reproduced full size from the original miniature on ivory, painted by Anna Claypoole Peale and owned by Mrs. Rachel Jackson Lawrence, Old Hickory, Tennessee. Anna Claypoole Peale was born in Philadelphia, March 6, 1791, and died there December 25, 1878. She was the daughter of James Peale, the youngest brother of Charles Willson Peale, who was one of the best miniature painters this country has produced. Her maternal grandfather was James Claypoole, a limner of colonial days in the middle colonies, whose artistic ability is only known through his good training of his nephew Matthew Pratt, whose important picture of West's Studio is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Thus Anna Peale's artistic temperament was a double inheritance, and she painted miniatures very acceptably. She married first the Rev. Dr. William Staughton, and second General William Duncan, and is known in the art world by all three names, without the fact that the three belong to the same person being so generally known. She accompanied her uncle to Washington, as noted on page 795, and at this time painted portraits on ivory of both General and Mrs. Jackson, the latter in the costume she had worn at the ball given to General Jackson in New Orleans before his departure after the victory of the eighth of January. N. P. Trist, who became Jackson's private secretary early in the presidency, tells of going to the general's room one night after he had retired, and says: "I found Jackson sitting at a little table with his wife's miniature, a very large one, before him, propped up against some books, and between him and the picture an open book which bore the mark of long use. This book was her Prayer-Book. The miniature he always wore next to his heart, suspended around his neck by a strong black cord. The last thing he did every night before lying down to rest, was to read in that book with that picture before his eye." Mrs. Lawrence writes, "The miniature of Mrs. Rachel Jackson in my possession is of peculiar interest to me, from its having been so highly prized by my grandfather, so constantly worn by him, and the circumstances of its presentation by him to me. Early on Monday morning, June 2, 1845, as I was ready to leave the Hermitage for school in Nashville, I went to his room, as usual, to kiss and bid him good-by. He drew me nearer to him and said, 'Wait a moment, my baby,' his fond pet name for me, and taking this miniature from his vest pocket and the guard from around his neck, he put it around mine, and handed me the miniature. After looking at it a few moments, he said, 'Wear it, my baby, for Grandpa's sake. God bless you, my little Rachel.'"

GRANT IN A GREAT CAMPAIGN.

THE INVESTMENT AND CAPTURE OF VICKSBURG.

By Hamlin Garland,

Author of "Main-travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

THE battle of Shiloh was a great victory, but it did not ring over the North with the same joyous clamor which followed upon Donelson. The holiday element had passed out of the war. There was an end of talk about "the boastful Southron." It was apparent that he could fight under leadership such as he had in Albert Sidney Johnston. The desolation of homes was terrible. Long lists of the dead filled the newspapers, and long trains wound and jolted their slow way to the North and to the South, carrying the wounded to their homes.

The nation was appalled, and, naturally, a large part of the bitterness and hate of war fell upon Grant. He had risen so suddenly to national fame that his private life and character were dark with mystery. Few knew how kind and gentle he really was, and a tumult of abuse arose. He was execrated as a man careless of human lives. He was accused of negligence and drunkenness, and of being unjustifiably off the field of battle. Great pressure was at once brought to bear on the Pesident to have him relieved from duty. Lincoln listened patiently to all that men had to say pro and con; then, with a long sigh, he said: "I can't spare Grant; he fights!"

General Halleck, "cautiously energetic one," now took the field in person, and Grant became for the time little more than a spectator. Though nominally second in command, he had, in reality, almost no command at all. He was forced to trail after Halleck in the most humiliating of positions. Every suggestion he made to his chief was treated with contempt. The staff officers, taking their cue from Halleck, turned their backs when he came near. Orders to his troops were sent over his head, and movements were ordered in his department without consulting him or even notifying him. These things became unendurable at last, and in a letter stating his position, Grant asked to be relieved from duty altogether, or to have his command defined.

To this General Halleck replied in diplomatic and soothing words, saying: "You have precisely the position to which your rank entitles you," and disclaimed any attempt to injure Grant's feelings.

For six weeks, in hesitating timidity, General Halleck held his immense host in check before a retreating foe. When the truth could no longer be concealed, he ordered an advance on Corinth, and found an empty city. Lincoln, sorely disappointed with Pope in the Eastern campaign, now looked toward Halleck. Lee threatened Maryland. A panic set in at Washington, and on the 10th of July Halleck received an order to proceed to the capital.

Thus Grant was once more in command of his department, but under discouraging conditions. Buell's army had returned to Kentucky, and his own forces were heavily depleted. During July and August he could do nothing more than guard his lines. He held his command but insecurely, and felt that he might be removed at any moment. He was ordered to be in readiness to reinforce Buell, and had no freedom of action, though liable at any time to attack on his attenuated lines. Through weeks of weary waiting he endured in silence, watching Generals Price and Van Dorn, and knowing well he had but inadequate movable force to send against an enemy. But when the enemy attacked, in September, he fought skillfully, and won the battle of Iuka. A little later General Van Dorn, seeing the Union army weakened still further by the transfer of General Thomas to Buell's command, assaulted Corinth. Grant's headquarters were at Jackson, Tennessee, at this time, but he directed the battle, which was a marked and decisive defeat of the Confederates. Again, at the first opportunity, he had cheered the nation with a victory.

At this point General John A. McClernand appeared as a disturbing factor. He had been restive under Grant's command

from the first, and soon after the fall of Corinth he had obtained from President Lincoln a "confidential" order which authorized him to proceed to Illinois and Indiana and raise troops for an expedition down the Mississippi River to capture Vicksburg. Grant hearing of this, determined to give to Sherman the honor of the capture. He ordered Sherman to attack the city while he held Pemberton on the railway. Sherman failed. At the same time Grant's immense depot of supplies at Holly Springs was lost through the cowardice of a subordinate officer. McClernand appeared before Vicksburg, and assumed command over Sherman's troops. The desire to save Sherman from subordination to a man he distrusted, and the destruction of his supplies, decided Grant to take command of the river expedition in person and make of it his main attack. Halleck gave him full and complete command, and extended his department to cover all the territory he needed west of the river. Thus with supreme control at last of all needed territory, troops, and transportation, he began his movement on Vicksburg.

These discussions and harassments, however, had wasted golden moments. From Donelson the army should have marched at once on Corinth, and on down the valley upon Vicksburg before it could be reinforced or fortified. But instead, the enemy had been allowed to fully recuperate his forces and strengthen his position, and now a winter of enormous rains was upon the land. The Northern troops were mainly raw, and the army unorganized, and it was February before Grant was able to put himself personally upon the spot to see what could be done.

Now began one of the most extraordinary beleaguerments in the history of warfare. Grant had long perceived, as every thinking soldier had, that Vicksburg was the gate which shut the Mississippi. It was of enormous importance to the Confederacy. After Columbus and Memphis, it occupied the only point of high land close to the river bank for hundreds of miles. At or near the city of Vicksburg, and extending some miles to the south, a line of low hills of glacial drift jutted upon the river, making the site a natural fortress. Upon these heights heavy batteries were planted.

Another element of great strength was in the river, which in those days made a big, graceful curve, in shape like an ox-bow; so that to run the batteries the Northern gunboats must pass twice within range, once on the outer curve and again, at closer gunshot, on the inner bow. A third and final and more formidable condition than all aided to make the siege of the city hopeless. There was a prodigious freshet upon the land, and all the low-lying country, through which the river flows (at high water) as in a mighty aqueduct above the level of the farms, was flooded, and Grant's soldiers had no place to pitch their tents save upon the narrow levees along the river's edge. No greater problem of warfare ever faced an American soldier.

Grant did not underestimate its difficulty. Late in January he arrived at Young's Point on his steamer "Magnolia," and began to look the ground over. There were but two ways to attack: from the north, with the Yazoo River as base of action; or get below the city and attack from the south. Grant sent an expedition at once to explore a passage to the Yazoo through the bayous of the eastern bank, and he set to work personally upon the problem of getting below.

The difficulties in the way of this plan were at the moment insurmountable. Grant could neither march his men down the western bank nor carry them in boats, such was the overflow. If he could find passage for the army and reach a safe point below Vicksburg, he would still be on the western shore, and without means to ferry his troops, and without supplies; and to every suggestion about running the batteries with transports arose the picture of those miles of cannon hurling their shells upon the frail woodwork of the unprotected vessels.

He set about to find a way through the bayous to the west, and prodigious things were done in the way of cutting channels through the swamps and widening streams for the passage of gunboats. While this was going on, he gave attention to a canal which he found partly excavated upon his arrival. It had been planned by General Thomas Williams, and crossed the narrow neck of land just out of range of the cannon. It was expected to start a cut-off which would soon deepen naturally into a broad stream through which the boats might pass. Grant, in a letter of the time, said: "I consider it of little practical use if completed;" but he allowed the work to go on, thinking it better for the soldiers to be occupied. He had almost as little faith in the bayou route to the west. In reality, he had settled upon

the plan of marching his men overland as soon as the water subsided, and running the batteries meanwhile with gunboats and transports. These weeks of waiting tested his patience sorely.

The North, in its anxiety and peril, began again to grumble, and finally to cry out. The mutter of criticism swelled to a roar as February and March went by. The soldiers were said to be dying like sheep in the trenches or useless canals. The cost of keeping such an army idle was constantly harped upon, and immense pressure was again brought to bear upon Lincoln to remove Grant from command. Disappointed tradesmen, jealous officers, "Copperheads," and non-combatants alike joined in the cry against him. McClernand wrote an impassioned letter to Governor Yates, asking him to join with the governors of Iowa and Indiana in demanding a competent commander. Many of Grant's friends deserted him, and added their voices to the clamor of criticism.

At last Lincoln himself became so doubtful of Grant's character and ability that he consented to allow the Secretary of War to send Charles A. Dana (who had been the managing editor of the New York "Tribune," and was a friend of the Secretary of War) to the front to report the condition of the army and study the whole situation, so that the War Department could determine whether Grant was a man to be trusted. General Lorenzo Thomas arrived at Commodore Porter's headquarters with an order relieving Grant of his command, if such an order should be found necessary. Porter told General Thomas that he would be tarred and feathered if news of the order got abroad. For various reasons, the order never saw the light. Halleck, however, stood manfully by Grant.

Grant betrayed his anxiety, but he did not express doubt or irritation. He knew he could do the work. He never boasted, never asked favors, and never answered charges. When he communicated with Lincoln or Stanton it was officially.

His plan was now mature. As soon as the roads emerged from the water he intended to run the batteries with gunboats and transports, marching his troops across the land meanwhile to a point below Vicksburg, and there, by means of the boats, transport a division across the river and storm Grand Gulf, the enemy's first outpost to the south. Thence, after cooperating with Banks in the capture of Port Hudson, it was his purpose to swing by a mighty half wheel to the rear of Vicksburg, cutting off supplies from Central Mississippi and capturing General Pemberton's army.

He had all to gain and little to lose in this bold plan, which he first mentioned to Porter and Sherman. Porter agreed, and was ready to move; so also was McClernand; but the audacity of the campaign alarmed the other officers. Sherman did not believe in it and protested decidedly.*

The running of the batteries took place on the 16th of April, and was one of the most dramatic and splendid actions of the war. The night was dark and perfectly still when brave Admiral Porter, on his flagship "Benton," dropped soundlessly into the current. Each boat was protected as well as possible by bales of cotton, and had no lights except small guiding lamps astern. They were ordered to follow each other at intervals of twenty minutes. Grant and his staff occupied a transport anchored in the middle of the river as far down as it was safe to go.

For a little time the silence of the beautiful night remained unbroken. The hush was painful in its foreboding intensity. Along the four miles of battery-planted heights there was no sound or light to indicate the wakefulness of the gunners, but they were awake! Suddenly a flame broke from one of the lower batteries—a watch-dog cannon had sounded the warning. Then a rocket arose in the air with a shriek. The alarum was taken up, and each grim monster had his word, and from end to end of the line of hills, successive rosy flashes broke and roar joined roar. Flames leaped forth, bonfires flared aloft to light the river and betray the enemy to the gunners. Then the Union gunboats awoke, and from their sullenly silent hulks answering lightning streamed upward, and the whole fleet became visible to the awed army and to the terrified city.

The sky above the city was red with the glare of flaming buildings on the hills and burning boats and bales of cotton on the river, and the thunder of guns was incessant. It seemed as though every transport would be sunk. But the tumult died out at last. The gunboats swept on out of reach. The flames on the land sank to smoldering coals, and the stillness and

* Admiral Porter relates that at a meeting of officers on board his flagship, the night before the running of the batteries was to be undertaken, all except himself and Grant argued against it. Grant listened to all they had to say; then replied: "I have considered your arguments, but continue in the same opinion. Be prepared to move to-morrow morning."

peace of an April night again settled over the river, and the frogs began timidly to trill once more in the marshes.

Porter's gunboats, almost uninjured, were now below Vicksburg; Grant's mighty host of footmen was ready to follow. On the 20th of April, having been over the route in person, Grant issued orders for his army to move. These orders hinted of great things. "Troops will be required to bivouac—one tent only will be allowed to each company. One wall tent to each brigade headquarters, and one to each division headquarters. . . . Commanders are authorized and empowered to collect all beef, cattle, corn, and other necessary supplies in the line of march, but wanton destruction of property, taking of articles useless for military purposes, insulting citizens, going into and searching houses without proper orders from division commanders, are positively prohibited. All such irregularities must be summarily punished."

And so, with cheers of elation, with renewed confidence in their leader, the army began to stretch and stream away in endless procession along the narrow and slippery roads on the levee top. McClernand's corps moved first. McPherson's troops followed, and Sherman kept the rear. The point of assault was to be Grand Gulf, the enemy's outpost to the south of Vicksburg. Grant himself took no personal baggage, not even a valise, and the army soon found this out. The new men did not need to be told that this was no parade soldier who led them. He had no attendants, no imported delicacies, no special accommodations. He was spattered with mud, grizzled of beard, and wherever he went "the boys" felt a twinge of singular emotion. They had admired him before, they began to love him now, and he became "the old man" to them. And yet he was as unostentatious of his camaraderie as he was of his command. He was his simple self in all this. He meant business, and spared himself not at all, and neglected no detail.

The attack on Grand Gulf failed, and Grant, ordering Porter to run the batteries as before, moved on down the river and landed at a point called De Schroon's, just above Bruinsburg, being led to do so by the information given by a negro, that a good road led inland to Port Gibson and Jackson from that point. Meanwhile, to keep Pemberton occupied with things above, Sherman had been ordered to make a great show of attack on Vicksburg itself and then suddenly to silence his guns and hasten to join the forces below.

On the morning of the 30th of April McClernand's troops and part of McPherson's command were landed on the east bank of the river below Vicksburg, and Grant's spirits rose. "I felt a degree of relief scarcely ever equalled since. . . ." And yet one would say the outlook was not reassuring. He was "in the enemy's country, with a vast river and the stronghold of Vicksburg between him and his base of supplies." He had two armies to fight. One intrenched at Vicksburg, the other at Jackson, less than four days' march to the east, with the whole of the Confederacy back of it. But he was again on dry ground, out of the terrible swamps and bayous of the flat country. So much was gained.

He hurried McClernand forward toward Port Gibson, to prevent the destruction of an important bridge. Parts of McPherson's command arrived, but still the invading army was small, less than 20,000 men, with no pack-train, and with only two days' rations. On the second day the enemy was met in force, but defeated. Reinforcements kept arriving, and the chief was buoyant of spirits although for five days he had been on short rations and had not removed his clothing to sleep. Grand Gulf, being uncovered by the battle of Port Gibson, was evacuated, and on May 3d, Grant rode into the fortress, finding Porter before it with his fleet of gunboats.

Grant now heard from General Banks, who was in command on the lower Mississippi; and abandoning all idea of co-operation with him, he cut loose from Grand Gulf and the river, and moved into the interior, determined to get between Vicksburg and its supplies and to isolate it from the Confederacy. "I shall communicate with Grand Gulf no more," he wrote to Halleck, "except as it becomes necessary to send a train with heavy escort. You may not hear from me for several days."

The next day after leaving Grand Gulf he learned through Colonel Wilson, his Inspector-General, and Rawlins, that the forces defeated by McPherson had fallen back, not toward Vicksburg, but toward Jackson. He instantly surmised that a considerable army was concentrating in that direction. "Simply asking one or two questions, and without rising from his chair, he wrote orders which turned his entire army toward Jackson." Then mounting his horse, he set his command

in motion, sweeping resistlessly into the interior. This moment when he turned his army towards Jackson is one of the greatest in his career. It showed the decision, boldness, and intrepidity of the man beyond dispute.

Jackson was carried on the 14th, the Union flag was raised on the State House, and Grant slept in the same room that General Johnston had occupied the night before. General Johnston sent a despatch to Pemberton which fell into Grant's hands, though he did not need it to tell him what to do. He hastened the movement of McClernand and McPherson toward Vicksburg, to head off Johnston's attempt to join Pemberton and to meet the Confederate troops. The armies met in a savage battle at Champion's Hill, and Pemberton was forced to retire, after four hours' hard fighting. He rapidly retreated to the Big Black River, where he made another feeble stand, and then withdrew into Vicksburg, leaving the victorious army of Grant directly between himself and Johnston. The game was in the bag, and Grant smiled in his slow, grim fashion, and closed round the city. This was on the 19th day of May. He had been on the road one month.

On this day Sherman, with Grant by his side, stood on Haines's Bluff and looked down on the very spot whence his baffled army had fallen back months before. He turned to Grant, saying: "General, up to this minute I had no positive assurance of success. This is the end of one of the greatest campaigns in history." Grant was deeply gratified, but he was not one to anticipate victory.

On the 19th of May, immediately after crossing the Big Black, Grant ordered a preliminary assault, which set the two armies face to face. On the 22d he ordered a grand assault. This order was a result of news of Johnston's advance. He was but fifty miles away, with a large army. To assault and win would set free a large force sufficient to defeat and possibly capture Johnston. Moreover, the officers and men were eager for a chance to "walk into Vicksburg." They believed they could storm and carry the works in an hour, and so Grant gave the word, and the 22d of May will forever remain memorable as a day of terrible slaughter. But it had this virtue: it convinced the soldiers that Vicksburg was to be taken only by determined siege, and made them patient of what followed.

Grant now called upon his engineers to do their best. Suddenly the army disappeared. It sank beneath the earth, and like some subterranean monster ate its way inexorably towards the enemy's lines as Worth's little band approached the Central plaza of Monterey through the adobe walls of its gardens. "The soil lent itself to the most elaborate trenching," says Major John W. Powell, who had charge of a division of the entrenchments.* "It was a huge deposit of glacial drift, and could be cut like cheese. Grant personally supervised this work every day, and his questions were always shrewd and pat. He knew more of the actual approaches than McPherson, who was my immediate commander. He came alone, quietly and keenly studying every detail of the work."

Foot by foot, the army closed round the doomed city, like the fabled room of the Inquisition whose walls contracted with every tick of the clock. The exploding of mines, as great as they were, is now seen to have been only an incident in the besieging process under Grant's persistent command. On foot, dusty, in plain clothes, with head drooping in thought, but with quick eyes seeing all that went on, "the old man" walked the ditches or stood upon the hills studying the situation, careless—criminally careless—of his person. The soldiers hardly discovered who he was before he was gone.

In this period, when success seemed sure, claimants for the honor of originating the plan of the campaign arose, and the discussion raged endlessly. Men who had been glad to shift responsibility when the issue was in doubt, now hastened to let the world know that it was their own plan. Grant never changed; as he had attempted no shift of responsibility, so now he troubled himself very little about the claims of others. He had done a better thing than originate the plan of campaign, he had executed it.

By the first of July the two armies were within pitch-and-toss distance of each other. A mighty host had turned moles. By day all was solitary. The heaps of red earth alone gave indication of activity. No living thing moved over the battle-ground, yet fifty thousand men were there ready to rise and fly at each other at a word from "the old commander." At night, low words, ghostly whispers, and subdued noises ran up and down the advanced lines, as the blue-coated sappers and miners pushed forward some trench, or some weary, thirsty "file" in

* In an interview held expressly for McClure's Magazine.

a rifle-pit gave place to a relief. Occasionally out of the blank darkness a rebel gun would crack, to be answered by a score of Union rifles aimed at the rosy flash. A feeling grew in each army that the end was near. On the night of the 2d the word was passed around that a final assault was to be made on the 4th. The batteries were to open with a salute of a hundred guns in honor of the day, and continue until further orders. The advance guard was told to let the enemy know this.

This order produced vast excitement within the gray lines. The news went to Pemberton. He knew his men could not stand an assault such as Grant could now make. His lines were pierced in a number of places. He was out of food, out of ammunition. His men were lean, weary, and dispirited. He despaired of any help from Johnston. On the morning of the 3d of July, a white flag appeared on the Confederate works. Again a Southern general asked for commissioners to arrange for terms of surrender. Again Grant replied, "I have no terms other than unconditional surrender," but added that the brave men within the works would be treated with all the respect due to prisoners of war.

General Bowen, the blindfold messenger of peace, asked Grant to meet Pemberton between the lines, and supposing this to be General Pemberton's wish, he consented, and at mid-afternoon a wondrous scene unfolded. At about three P.M. General Grant rode forward to the extreme Union trenches, dismounted, and walked calmly and slowly toward the center of the lines. At about the same time General Pemberton left his lines and, accompanied by General Bowen and several of his staff, advanced to meet Grant.*

Then from the hitherto silent, motionless, ridged, and ravaged hills, grimy heads and dusty shoulders rose, till every embankment bristled with bayonets. It was as if at some unheard signal an army of gnomes had suddenly risen from their secret run-ways. The under-ground suddenly became of the open air. The inexorable burrowing of the Northern army ceased.

A shiver of excitement ran over the men of both sides, and all eyes were fixed upon that fateful figure advancing toward the enemy, unexcitedly, with bent head, treading the ground so long traversed only by the wing of the bullet and the shadow of the shell. What he felt could not be divined by any action of his. His visage was never more inscrutable in its stern, calm lines.

The man who advanced to meet him was an old comrade in arms, the same Pemberton, indeed, who had conveyed to Lieutenant Grant at San Cosme Gate the compliments of General Worth. He came to this conference laboring under profound excitement. Grant greeted him as an old acquaintance, but waited for him to begin. There was an awkward silence. Grant waited insistently, for his understanding was that Pemberton stood ready to make the first advance. Pemberton at last began arrogantly.

"General Grant, I was present at the surrender of many fortresses in Mexico, and in all cases the enemy was granted terms and conditions. I think my army as much entitled to these favors as a foreign foe."

"All the terms I have are stated in my letter of this morning," Grant replied.

Pemberton drew himself stiffly erect. "Then the conference may as well terminate and hostilities begin."

"Very well," replied Grant. "My army was never in better condition to prosecute the siege."

Pemberton's eyes flashed: "You'll bury a good many more men before you get into Vicksburg."

This seemed to end the meeting, but General Bowen intervened, urged a further conference, and while he and General A. J. Smith conversed apart, Grant and Pemberton went and sat down on a bank under a low oak tree. Pemberton was trembling with emotion, but Grant sat with bent head, one hand idly pulling up grass blades. Suddenly the boom of cannons began again from the gunboats.

Grant's face showed concern for the first time. He rose.

"This is a mistake. I will send to Admiral Porter and have that stopped."

"Oh, never mind. Let it go on," said Pemberton contemptuously. "It won't hurt anybody. The gunboats never hurt anybody."

"I'll go home and write out the terms," Grant finally said, as he rose to go.

The terms were exceedingly fair. Pemberton was to give possession at 8 A.M., July 4th; "and as soon as rolls are made out and paroles signed by officers and men, you will be allowed to march out of our lines, the officers taking with them side-arms and clothing, and the field, staff,

* Generalized from reports of eye-witnesses.

and cavalry officers one horse each. The rank and file will be allowed all their clothing, but no other property." Perhaps Grant was moved to these generous terms by the recollection of Scott's treatment of Santa Anna's troops at Cerro Gordo. At any rate, they were criticised as being absurdly lenient.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the 4th of July, the ragged, emaciated soldiers who had defended Vicksburg so stanchly "marched out of their intrenchments. With sad faces the men of each regiment stacked their arms, threw down upon them knapsacks, belts, cartridges, and cap-pouches, and then tenderly crowned the piles with their faded and riddled colors." Their stained clothing contrasted mournfully with the blue of the Union troops. For forty days they had lain in the pits, eating the scantiest fare, and to many of them it was a welcome relief to throw down their muskets. For two hours this movement went on, with no derisive cry or gesture on the part of the victors. They knew the quality of these lean and tattered men, who were mistaken, but who were fighters.

The victor allowed himself no indulgences. He was sleeplessly active. He had no thought of resting or going into summer quarters. He put McPherson in command of Vicksburg. He sent Sherman after Johnston the moment Pemberton capitulated. He despatched a messenger to Banks asking his needs. He forwarded the ninth army corps to Bear Creek, to be ready to reinforce Sherman if it were necessary; and providing for their return and movement to Kentucky, he ordered the boats to be in readiness to transport the troops. He ordered Herron's division to be in readiness to reinforce Banks. He brought all the remaining troops within the rebel lines, and gave orders to obliterate the works which the Union army had toiled so long to fashion, and sent his engineers to determine upon a shorter line if possible, in order that the garrison should be small. He advised Logan that, as soon as the rebel prisoners were out of the way, he intended to send him to the Tensas to clear out the Confederate troops there; and in the midst of this multiplex activity he asked Dana to inquire of General Halleck whether he intended him to follow his own judgment in future movements or co-operate in some particular scheme of operations.

His army was now let loose for other campaigns, and this the Southern leaders thoroughly understood. The fall of Vicksburg was a disaster. The march of Grant's army foreboded the downfall of the Confederacy.

In all the correspondence of this strange conqueror there is scarcely a single word of exultation, not a single allusion to victory, even to his wife. He fought battles and won victories in the design of moving to other battles and other victories. His plan was to whip the enemy and win a lasting peace.

The Vicksburg campaign had the audacity of the common sense in opposition to the traditional. What the military authorities had settled he could not do, Grant did with astounding despatch, accuracy, and coherence of design. He kept his own counsel—a greater feat than the other—and it added to the mystery of his movements and the certainty of his results. It seemed as if all ill things stood aside to see him pass on to his larger life as a great commander. Belmont, Henry, Donelson, Shiloh, and Vicksburg—all these were behind him and he had no scar. He would not have been human had not some feeling of foreordination assumed possession of him. He was now forty-one years of age, and at his fullest powers of command and endurance. He had reached the place where he now stood in the light of national fame, holding the full confidence of the government, without money, without political influence, after years of hardship, disappointment, and privation. Now all opposition was silenced, and his detractors were overborne. He had placed himself among the great generals of the world, and the nation waited to see what the Conqueror of Vicksburg would do next. On the 12th of October he received an order making him the commander-in-chief of the entire Western army from the Cumberland Mountains to the Brazos. This placed him in command of two hundred thousand men.

NOTE.—The capture of Vicksburg brought to its full development and recognition Grant's genius as a military commander, and marks a clear division in his career. With the present paper, therefore, Mr. Garland concludes his series of interesting studies in Grant's life, his design having been only to exhibit, by close personal presentations, the course and character of Grant's progress to his high destiny.—EDITOR.

UNCLE JOHN AND THE RUBIES.

By Anthony Hope,

Author of "Phroso," "The Prisoner of Zenda," etc.

THERE may still be some very old men about town who remember the duel between Sir George Marston and Colonel Merridew; there may still be a venerable lawyer or two who recollect the celebrated case of Merridew against Marston. With these exceptions the story probably survives only in the two families interested in the matter and in the neighborhood where both the gentlemen concerned lived and where their successors flourish to this day. The whole affair, of which the duel was the first stage and the lawsuit the second, arose out of the disappearance of the Maharajah's rubies. Sir George and the colonel had both spent many years in India, Sir George occupying various important positions in the company's service, the colonel seeking fortune on his own account. Chance had brought them together at the court of the Maharajah of Nuggetabad, and they had struck up a friendship, tempered by jealousy. The Maharajah favored both; we Merridews maintained that Uncle John was first favorite, but the Marstons declared that Sir George beat him; and I am bound to admit that they had a plausible ground for their contention, since, when both gentlemen were returning to England, the Maharajah presented to Sir George the six magnificent stones which became famous as the Maharajah's rubies, while Uncle John had to content himself with a couple of fine diamonds. The Maharajah could not have expressed his preference more significantly; both his friends were passionate lovers of jewels, and understood very well the value of their respective presents. Uncle John faced the situation boldly, and declared that he had refused the rubies; we, his family, dutifully accepted his version, and were in the habit of laying great stress on his conscientiousness. The Marstons treated this tradition of ours with open incredulity. Whatever the truth was, the Maharajah's action produced no immediate breach between the colonel and Sir George. They left the court together, arrived together at the port of Calcutta, and came home together round the Cape. The trouble began only when Sir George discovered, at the moment when he was leaving the ship, that he had lost the rubies. By this time Uncle John, who had disembarked a few hours earlier, was already at home displaying his diamonds to the relatives who had assembled to greet him.

Into the midst of this family gathering there burst the next day the angry form of Sir George Marston. He had driven post-haste to his own house, which lay some ten miles from the colonel's, and had now ridden over at a gallop; and there, before the whole company, he charged Uncle John with having stolen the Maharajah's rubies. The colonel, he said, was the only man on board who knew that he had the rubies or where the rubies were, and the only man who had enjoyed constant and unrestricted access to the cabin in which they were hidden. Moreover (so Sir George declared), the colonel loved jewels more than honor, honesty, or salvation. The colonel's answer was a cut with his riding-whip. A challenge followed from Sir George. The duel was fought, and Sir George got a ball in his arm. As soon as he was well my uncle, who had been the challenged party in the first encounter, saw his seconds to arrange another meeting. The cut with the whip was disposed of; the accusation remained. But Sir George refused to go out, declaring that the dock, and not the field of honor, was the proper place for Colonel Merridew. Uncle John, being denied the remedy of a gentleman, carried the case into the courts, although not into the court which Sir George had indicated.

An action of slander was entered and tried. Uncle John filled town and country with his complaints. He implored all and sundry to search him, to search his house, to search his park, to search everything searchable. A number of gentlemen formed themselves into a jury and did as he asked, Uncle John himself superintending their labors. No trace of the rubies was found. Sir George was unconvinced; the action went on, the jury gave the colonel £5,000; the colonel gave the

money to charity, and Sir George Marston, mounting his horse outside Westminster Hall, observed loudly:

"He stole them all the same!"

With this the story ended for the outer world. People were puzzled for a while, and then forgot the whole affair. But the Marstons did not forget it, and would not be consoled for the loss of their rubies. Neither did we, the Merridews, forget. We were very proud of our family honor, and we made a point of being proud of the colonel also, in spite of certain dubious stories which hung about his name. The feud persisted in all its bitterness. We hurled scorn at one another across the space that divided us; we were bitter opponents in all public affairs, and absolute strangers when we met on private occasions.

"SHE LOOKED OVER HER SHOULDER ONCE BEFORE A TURN OF THE ROAD HID HER FROM MY SIGHT."

My father, who succeeded his uncle, the colonel, was a thoroughgoing adherent of his predecessor. Sir George's son, Sir Matthew, openly espoused his father's cause and accusation. Meanwhile no human eye had seen the Maharajah's rubies from the hour at which they had disappeared from the cabin of the East Indiaman "Elephant."

A train of circumstances now began which bade fair to repeat the moving tragedy of Verona in our corner of the world, I myself being cast for the part of Romeo. As I was following the hounds one day, I came upon a young lady who had suffered a fall, fortunately without personal injury, and was vainly pursuing her horse across a sticky plow. I caught the horse and led him to his mistress. To my surprise, I found myself in the presence of Miss Sylvia Marston, who had walked by me with a stony face half a hundred times at county balls and such like social gatherings. She drew back with a sort of horror on her extremely pretty face. I dismounted, and stood ready to help her into the saddle.

"My groom is somewhere," said she, looking around the landscape.

"Anyhow, I didn't steal the rubies," said I. The truth is that on each of the half hundred occasions I have referred to I had regretted that the feud forbade acquaintance between Miss Marston and myself. I was eager to assuage the feud as far as she and I were concerned.

My remark produced an extremely haughty expression on the lady's face. I stood patiently by the horses. The absurdity of the position at last struck my companion; she accepted my assistance, although grudgingly. I mounted with all haste and rode beside her. We were hopelessly out of the run, and Miss Marston turned homeward. I did the same. For two or three miles our way would be the same. For some minutes we were silent. Then Miss Marston observed, with a sidelong glance:

"I wonder you can be so obstinate about them."

"The verdict of the jury——" I began.

"Oh, do let the jury alone," she interrupted, impatiently.

I tried another tack.

"I saw you at the ball the other night," I remarked.

"Did you? I didn't see you."

"I perceived that you were quite convinced of that."

"Well, then, I did see you, but how could I—well, you know, papa was at my elbow."

I was encouraged by this speech, and quite reasonably.

"It's a horrid bore, isn't it?" I ventured to suggest.

"What?"

"Why, the feud."

"Oh!"

After this there was silence again till we reached the spot where our roads diverged. I reined up my horse and lifted my hat. Miss Marston looked up suddenly.

"Thank you so much. Yes, it is rather a bore, isn't it?" And with a little laugh and a little blush she trotted off. Moreover, she looked over her shoulder once before a turn of the road hid her from my sight.

"It's a confounded bore," said I to myself as I rode away alone.

My father was a very firm man. I am not Sir Matthew Marston's son, and I do not scruple to describe him as an obstinate man. But in this world the people who say "yes" generally beat the people who say "no"—hence comes progress or decadence, which you will—and although both Sir Matthew and my father insisted that the acquaintance between Miss Marston and myself should not continue, the acquaintance did continue. We met out hunting, and also when we were not hunting anything except one another. The truth is that we had laid our heads together (only metaphorically, I am sorry to say), and determined that the moment for an amnesty had arrived. It was forty years or more since the colonel had—or had not—stolen the Maharajah's rubies. Many suns had gone down on the wrath of both families. A treaty must be made. The Marstons must agree to say no more about the crime, the Merridews must consent to forgive the false accusation. The Maharajah's rubies had vanished from the earth; their evil deeds must live after them no longer. Sylvia and I agreed on all these points one morning in the woods among the primroses.

"Of course, though, the colonel took them," said Sylvia, by way of closing the discussion.

"Nothing of the sort," said I, rather emphatically.

Sylvia sprang away from me; a beautiful, stormy color flooded her cheeks.

"You say," she exclaimed indignantly, "that you—that you—that you—that you—well, that you care for me, and yet——"

"The colonel certainly took them," I cried hastily.

"Of course he did," said Sylvia, with a radiant smile.

I assumed a most aggrieved expression.

"You profess," said I, plaintively, "to have—to have—to have—well, to have some pity on me, and yet——"

"He didn't take them!" cried Sylvia, impulsively.

That matter seemed to be settled quite satisfactorily, and we passed into another.

"How dare I tell papa?" asked Sylvia, apprehensively.

"Well, I shall have a row with the governor," I reflected, ruefully.

"Horrid old rubies! I wish they were at the bottom of the sea!" said Sylvia.

"I wish they were round your neck," said I.

"How can you, Mr. Merridew?" murmured Sylvia.

"I could say a great deal more than that," I cried. But she would not let me.

Now, as I went home from this interview I was, I protest, more filled with regrets that the Maharajah's rubies could not adorn and be adorned by Sylvia's neck than with apprehensions as to the effect my communication might have upon my father. Whether Colonel Merridew had stolen them or not became a subordinate question; the great problem was, Where were they? Why were they not round Sylvia's neck? I suffered a sense of personal loss, hardly less acute than the emotion that had brought Sir George Marston post-haste to the colonel's house forty years before. I was so engrossed with this aspect of the case that, as my father and I sat over our cigarettes after dinner, I exclaimed inadvertently:

"How splendidly they'd have suited her, by Jove!"

Whenever anybody in our family spoke of "they" or "them," without further identification, he was understood to refer to the Maharajah's rubies.

"Who would they have suited?" asked my father.

"Why, Sylvia Marston," I said.

When you have an awkward disclosure to make, there is nothing like committing yourself to it at once by an irremediable discretion. It blocks the way back and clears the way forward. My mention of Sylvia Marston defined the position with absolute clearness.

"What's Sylvia Marston to you?" asked my father, scornfully.

"The whole world, and more," I answered, fervently.

My father rang the bell for coffee. When it had been served he remarked:

"I think you had better take a run on

the Continent for a few months. Or what do you say to India? My Uncle John——"

"Mind you, I don't believe he took them," I interrupted.

"If you did, I shouldn't be sitting at the same table with you," observed my father.

"But she's the most charming girl I ever saw," I remarked, returning to the real point.

"I don't follow the connection of your thoughts," said my father.

"IN THE WOODS AMONG THE PRIMROSES."

There are one or two points that deserve mention here. The Marston property was a very nice one; combined with ours, it would make a first-class estate. Sir Matthew had no son, and Sylvia was his only daughter; to be perpetually opposed in everything by a neighbor is vexatious; my father was not really a convinced Home Ruler, and had only appeared on platforms in that interest because Sir George was such a strong Unionist. Finally, the duchess had said that her patience was exhausted with the squabbles of the Merridews and the Marstons and that for her part she wouldn't ask either of them. Now, my father cared as little for a duchess as any man alive, but the claret at Sangblew Castle was proverbial.

"If," said my father at the end of a long discussion, "the man (he meant Sir Matthew Marston) will make an absolute and unreserved apology, and withdraw all imputations on Uncle John's memory, I shall be willing to consider the matter."

"You might as well," I protested, "ask him to eat the rubies."

"I believe old Sir George did," answered my father grimly.

I must pass over the next two or three months briefly. Thwarted love ran its usual course. Sylvia (whose interview with Sir Matthew had been even more uncomfortable than mine with my father) peaked and pined and was sent to stay with an aunt at Cheltenham; she returned worse than ever. I went to Paris, where I enjoyed myself very well, but I came back inconsolable. Sylvia's health was gravely endangered. I displayed an alarming inability to settle down to anything. We used to meet every day in highest exultation, and part every day in deepest woe. We talked of death and elopement alternately, and treated our fathers with despairing and most exasperating dutifulness. The month of June found ourselves and our affections exactly where we and they had been in March.

A daughter is, I take it, harder to resist than a son. It was for this reason, and not because Sir Matthew was in any degree less stubborn than my father, that the first overtures came from the Marstons.

Sylvia was brimming over with delight when she met me one morning.

"Papa is ready to be reconciled," she cried. "Oh, Jack, isn't it delightful?"

"What? Will he apologize?" I asked, eagerly, as I caught her hand.

"Yes," said she, with smiling lips and

dancing eyes. "He'll admit that nothing has occurred to prove Colonel Merridew's guilt, if your father will admit that every sane man must have thought that Colonel Merridew was guilty."

"Hum," said I doubtfully. "I'll tell my father."

My father received my report in a somewhat hostile spirit. At first he was inclined to find a new insult in it, and I had great difficulty in bringing him to a more reasonable view. His suggestion at last was—and I could obtain no better terms from him—that Sir Matthew should admit that nothing had occurred to suggest Colonel Merridew's guilt, but that at the same time it was conceivable that a sane man might have thought Colonel Merridew guilty.

When I next met Sylvia, I communicated my father's suggested modification of the terms of peace. I explained that it covered a real and most material concession.

"Papa will never agree to that," said she sorrowfully; and no more he did.

Negotiations and *pourparlers* continued. Sylvia grew thinner. I became absent and distrait in manner. After a month Sir Matthew forwarded fresh terms. They were as follows: "Although Colonel Merridew may not have stolen the Maharajah's rubies, yet every reasonable man would naturally have concluded that he had stolen the rubies." My father objected to this, and proposed to substitute, "Although Colonel Merridew did not steal the Maharajah's rubies, yet a reasonable man might not impossibly think that he had stolen the rubies."

Sylvia and I built hopes on this last formula, but Sir Matthew unhappily objected to it. Matters came to a standstill again, and no progress was made until the vicar, having heard of the matter (indeed by now it was common property and excited great interest in the neighborhood), offered his services as mediator. He said that he was a peacemaker by virtue of his office and that he hoped to be able to draw up a statement of the case which would be palatable to both parties. Sir Matthew and my father gladly accepted his friendly offices, and the vicar withdrew to elaborate his eirenicon.

The vicar was a man of great intellectual subtlety, which he found very few opportunities of exercising. Therefore he enjoyed his new function extremely, and was very busy riding to and fro between our house and the Marstons'. Sylvia and I grew impatient, but the vicar assured us that the result of hurrying matters would be an irremediable rupture. We were obliged to submit, and waited as resignedly as we could until the terms of peace should be finally settled. At last the welcome news came that the vicar, lying awake on Sunday night, had suddenly struck on a form of words to which both parties could subscribe with satisfaction and without loss of self-respect. I called on the vicar before breakfast on Monday morning. He greeted me with evident pleasure.

"Yes," said he, rubbing his hands contentedly, "I think I have managed it this time," and he hummed a light-hearted tune.

"What is the form of statement?" I asked, for I could scarcely believe in the good news of his success.

"Why, this," answered the vicar: "'Although there was no reason whatsoever to think that Colonel Merridew stole the Maharajah's rubies, yet any gentleman may well have supposed, and had every reason for supposing, that Colonel Merridew did steal the Maharajah's rubies.'"

"That seems er—very fair and equal," said I, after a moment's consideration.

"I think so, my dear young friend," said the vicar complacently. "I imagine that it will put an end to all trouble between your worthy father and Sir Matthew."

"I'm sure it must," I agreed.

"I have modeled it," pursued the vicar, holding out the piece of paper before him and regarding it lovingly, "I have modeled the form of it on——"

"On the thirty-nine articles," I suggested thoughtlessly.

"Not at all," said the vicar sharply. "On parliamentary apologies."

As may be supposed, Sylvia and I spent a day of feverish suspense, mitigated only by one another's company. The vicar rode first to Sir Matthew's; he reached there at half-past twelve, and remained to luncheon. Starting again at three (evidently Sir Matthew had been hard to move), he reached my father's at 4:30, and was closeted with him till seven o'clock. I had parted from Sylvia about six, and came to dinner. My father was then alone. I looked at him, but had not the nerve to ask him any questions. Presently he came and patted me on the shoulder.

"I have made a great sacrifice for your sake, my boy," said he. "Sir Matthew Marston and his daughter will dine here tomorrow." And he flung himself into a chair.

"Hurrah!" I cried, springing to my feet.

"The vicar is coming also," pursued my father, with a sigh; and he looked up at Uncle John's portrait, which hung over the mantelpiece. "I hope I have not done wrong," he added, seeming to ask the colonel's pardon in case any slight had been put upon his hallowed memory. The colonel smiled down upon us peacefully, seeming to enjoy the prospect of the glass of wine which he held between his fingers and was represented as being about to drink.

"It's a wonderfully characteristic portrait of dear old Uncle John," said my father, sighing again.

Now, reconciliations are extremely wholesome and desirable things; in this case, indeed, a reconciliation was an absolutely essential and necessary thing, since the happiness of Sylvia and myself entirely depended upon it. But it cannot, in my opinion, be maintained that they are in themselves cheerful functions. After all, they are funerals of quarrels, and men love their quarrels. The dinner held to seal the peace between Sir Matthew and my father was not enjoyable, considered purely as an entertainment. Both gentlemen were stiff and distant; Sylvia was shy, I embarrassed; the vicar bore the whole brunt of conversation. In fact, there were great difficulties. It was impossible to touch on the subject of the Maharajah's rubies, and yet we were all thinking of the rubies and of nothing else. At last my father, in despair, took the bull by the horns. He was always in favor of a bold course, as Uncle John had been, he said.

"Over the mantelpiece," said he, turning to his guest with a rather forced smile, "you will observe, Sir Matthew, a portrait of the late Colonel Merridew. It is considered an extremely good likeness."

Sir Matthew examined the colonel through his eyeglasses with a critical stare.

"It looks," said he, "very like what I have always supposed Colonel Merridew to have been; indeed, exactly like."

My father frowned heavily. Sir Matthew's speech was open to unfavorable interpretation.

"You mean," interposed the vicar, "a man of courage and decision? Yes, yes, indeed; the face looks like the face of just such a man."

"Poor Uncle John," sighed my father. "His last years were embittered by the unfounded aspersions——"

"I beg your pardon," said Sir Matthew, politely but very stiffly.

"By the unfounded but very natural accusations," suggested the vicar hastily.

"To which he was subjected," pursued my father.

"Or—er—may we not say, exposed himself?" asked Sir Matthew.

"In fact, which were brought against him—wrongly but most naturally," suggested the vicar.

Matters looked as unpromising as they well could. Sylvia was on the point of bursting into tears, and my thoughts had again turned to an elopement. My father rose suddenly and held out his hand to Sir Matthew. Again he had decided on the bold course.

"Let us say no more about it," he cried, generously.

"With all my heart," cried Sir Matthew, springing up and gripping his hand.

The vicar's eyes beamed through his spectacles. I believe that I touched Sylvia's foot under the table.

"We will," pursued my father, "remember only one thing about the colonel. And that is that one bottle remains of the famous old pipe of port that he laid down. In that, Sir Matthew, let us bury all unkindness."

"My dear sir, I ask no better," cried Sir Matthew.

The heavens brightened—or was it Sylvia's eyes? The butler alone looked perturbed; three butlers had lost their situations in our household for handling the colonel's port in a manner that lacked heart and tenderness. "I cannot bear a callous butler," my father used to say.

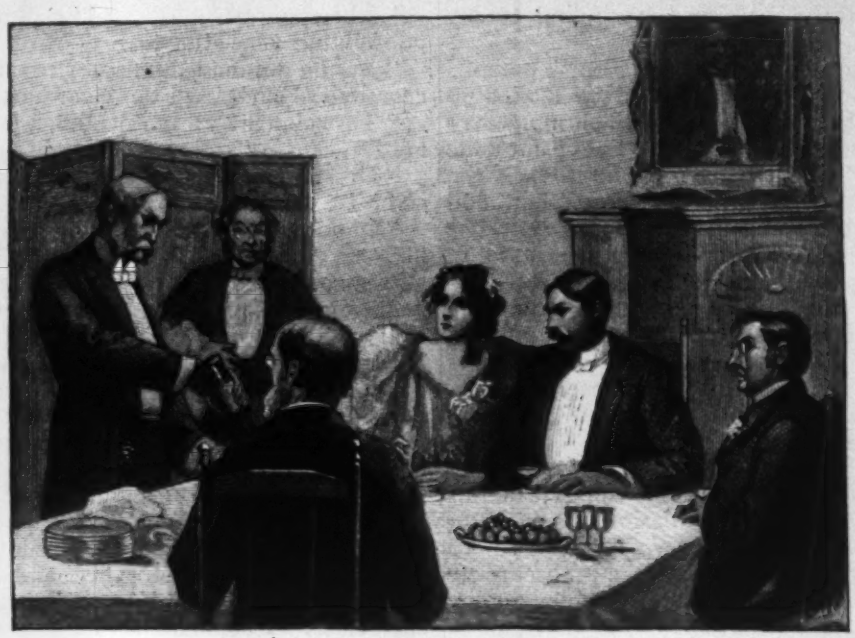
"Fetch," said my father, "the last bottle of the colonel's port, a decanter, a corkscrew, a funnel, a piece of muslin, and a napkin. I will decant Sir Matthew's wine myself."

"Sir Matthew's wine!" Could there have been a more delicate compliment?

"The colonel," my father continued, "purchased this wine himself, brought it home himself, and I believe bottled a large portion of it with his own hands."

"He could not have been better employed," said Sir Matthew cordially. But I think there was a latent hint that the colonel had sometimes been much worse employed.

Dawson appeared with the bottle. He carried it as though it had been a baby, combining the love of a mother, the pride of a nurse, and the uneasy care of a bachelor.



"MY FATHER TILTED THE BOTTLE A LITTLE MORE TOWARD THE FUNNEL. THEN HE STOPPED SUDDENLY."

"You have not shaken it?" asked my father.

"Upon my word; no, sir," answered Dawson earnestly. The poor man had a wife and family.

My father gripped the bottle delicately with the napkin, and examined the point of the corkscrew.

"It would be a great pity," he observed, gravely, "if anything happened to the cork."

Nothing happened to the cork. With infinite delicacy my father persuaded it to leave the neck of the bottle. Sir Matthew was ready with decanter, funnel, and muslin.

"We must take care of the crust," remarked my father, and we all nodded solemnly.

My father cast his eyes up to Uncle John's portrait for an instant, much as if he were asking the old gentleman's benediction, and gently inclined the bottle toward the muslin-covered mouth of the funnel.

"If only my poor uncle could be here," he sighed. Uncle John had been very fond of port.

"I should be delighted to meet him!" cried Sir Matthew, in genuine friendliness.

The vicar took off his spectacles, wiped them, and replaced them. My father tilted the bottle a little more toward the funnel. Then he stopped suddenly, and a strange, puzzled look appeared on his face. He looked at Sir Matthew, and Sir Matthew looked at him; and we all looked at the bottle.

"Does old port wine generally make that noise?" asked Sylvia.

For a most mysterious sound had proceeded from the inside of the bottle, as my father carefully inclined it toward the funnel. It sounded as if—but it was absurd to suppose that a handful of marbles could have found their way into a bottle of old port.

"The crust——" began the vicar, cheerfully.

"It's not the crust," said my father, decisively.

"Let us see what it is," suggested Sir Matthew, very urbanely.

"I've done nothing to the bottle, sir," cried Dawson.

My father cleared his throat, and gave the bottle a further inclination toward the funnel. A little wine trickled out and found its way through the muslin. My father smelt the muslin anxiously, but seemed to gain no enlightenment. He poured on under the engrossed gaze of the whole party. The marbles, or what they were, thumped in the bottle; and with a little jump something sprang out into the muslin. Sir Matthew stretched out a hand. My father waved him away.

"We will go on to the end," said he solemnly, and he took it up, the object that had fallen into the muslin, between his

finger and thumb and placed it on his plate.

It was round in shape, the size of a very large pill or a smallish marble, and of a dull color, like that of rusted tin. My father poured on, and by the time that the last of the wine was out no less than seven of these strange objects lay in a neat group on my father's plate, one lying by itself a little removed from the others.

"I have placed this one apart," observed my father, pointing to the solitary marble, "because it is much lighter than any of the others. Let us examine it first."

"I propose that we examine the six first," said Sir Matthew, in a tone of suppressed excitement.

"As you will, Sir Matthew," said my father gravely, and he took up one of the six that lay in a group. "The surface," said he, looking round, "appears to be composed of tin."

We all agreed. The surface was composed of tin; a line running down the middle showed where the tin had been carefully and dexterously soldered together. Sir Matthew having felt in his pocket, produced a large penknife and opened a strong blade. He held out the knife toward my father blade foremost, such was his agitation.

"Thank you, Sir Matthew," said my father in courteous and calm voice, reaching round the blade and grasping the handle.

Absolute silence now fell on the company; my father was perfectly composed. He forced the point of the knife into the surface of the object and made a gap; then he peeled off the surface of tin. I felt Sylvia's eyes turn to mine, but I did not remove my gaze from my father's plate. Five times did my father repeat his operation, placing what was left in each case on the table-cloth in front of him. When he had finished his task he looked up at Sir Matthew. Sir Matthew's face bore a look of mingled bewilderment and triumph; he opened his mouth to speak; a gesture of my father's hand imposed silence on him.

"It remains," said my father, "to examine the seventh object."

The seventh object was treated as its companions had been; the result was different. From the shelter of the sealed tin covering came a small roll of paper. My father unfolded it; faded lines of writing appeared on it.

"Uncle John's hand," said my father solemnly. "I propose to read what he says."

"An explanation is undoubtedly desirable," remarked Sir Matthew.

"Aren't they beautiful?" whispered Sylvia longingly.

A glance from my father rebuked her; he began to read what Colonel Merridew had written. Here it is:

"That old fool Marston, having made the life of everybody on board the ship a burden to them on account of his miserable rubies, and having dogged my footsteps and spied upon my actions in a most offensive manner, I determined to give him a lesson. So I took these stones from his cabin and carried them to my house. I was about to return them when he found his way into my house and accused me—me, Colonel John Merridew—of being a thief. What followed is known to my family. The result of Sir George's intemperate behavior was to make it impossible for me to return the rubies without giving rise to an impression most injurious to my honor. I have therefore placed them in this bottle. They will not be discovered during my lifetime or in that of Sir George. When they are discovered, I request that they may be returned to his son with my compliments and an expression of my hope that he is not such a fool as his father.

"JOHN MERRIDEW, Colonel."

Continued silence followed the reading of this document. The Maharajah's rubies glittered and gleamed on the table-cloth. My father looked up at Uncle John's picture. To my excited fancy the old gentleman seemed to smile more broadly than before. My father gathered the rubies into his hand and held them out to Sir Matthew.

"You have heard Colonel Merridew's message, sir," said my father. "There is, I presume, no need for me to repeat it. Allow me to hand you the rubies."

Sir Matthew bowed stiffly, took the Maharajah's rubies, counted them carefully, and dropped them one by one into his waistcoat pocket.

"Take away that bottle of port," said my father. "The tin will have ruined the flavor."

"What shall I do with it, sir?" asked Dawson.

"Whatever you please," said my father, and looking up again at Uncle John's picture, he exclaimed in an admiring tone, "An uncommon man, indeed! How few would have contrived so perfect a hiding-place!"

"Sylvia," said Sir Matthew, "get your

cloak." Then he turned to my father and continued, "If, sir, to be an expert thief——"

My father sprang to his feet. Sylvia caught Sir Matthew by the arm; I was ready to throw myself between the enraged gentlemen. Uncle John smiled broadly down on us. The vicar looked up with a mild smile. He had taken a nut and was in the act of cracking it.

"Dear, dear!" said he. "What's the matter?"

"Sir Matthew Marston," said my father, "ventures to accuse the late Colonel Merridew of theft. And that in the house which was Colonel Merridew's."

"Mr. Merridew," said Sir Matthew, in a cold, sarcastic voice, "must admit that any other explanation of the colonel's action is—well, difficult. And that in any house, whether Colonel Merridew's or another's."

"My dear friends," expostulated the vicar, "pray hear reason. The presence of these—er—articles in this bottle of port, taken in conjunction with the explanation afforded by the late Colonel Merridew's letter, makes the whole matter perfectly clear." The vicar paused, swallowed his nut, and then continued with considerable and proper pride. "In fact, although there is no reason whatsoever to think that Colonel Merridew stole the Maharajah's rubies, yet any gentleman may well suppose, and has every reason for supposing, that Colonel Merridew did steal the Maharajah's rubies."

Sir Matthew tugged at his beard, my father rubbed the side of his nose with his forefinger. The vicar rose and stood between them with his hands spread out and a smile of candid appeal on his face.

"There is no reason at all to suppose Uncle John meant to steal them," observed my father.

"I have every reason for supposing that he meant to steal them," said Sir Matthew.

"Exactly, exactly," murmured the vicar; "what I say, gentlemen; just what I say."

My father smiled; a moment later Sir Matthew smiled. My father slowly stretched out his hand; Sir Matthew's hand came slowly to meet it.

"That's right," cried the vicar, approvingly. "I felt sure that you would both listen to reason."

My father looked up again at Uncle John.

"My uncle was a most uncommon man, Sir Matthew," said he.

"So I should imagine, Mr. Merridew," answered Sir Matthew.

"And now, papa," said Sylvia, "give me the Maharajah's rubies."

"A moment," said Sir Matthew; "there was a matter of £5,000."

"We cannot," said my father, "go behind the verdict of the jury."

Sir Matthew turned away and took a step toward the door.

"But," my father added, "I will settle twice the amount on my daughter-in-law."

"We will say no more about it," agreed Sir Matthew, turning back to the table.

So the matter rested, and before long I saw the Maharajah's rubies round Sylvia's neck. But as I sit opposite the rubies and under Uncle John's portrait, I wonder very much what the true story was. Uncle John was very fond of rubies, yet he was also very fond of a joke. Was the letter the truth? Or was it written in the hope of protecting himself in case his hiding-place was by some unlikely chance discovered? Or was it to save the feelings of his descendants? Or was it to annoy Sir George Marston's descendants? I cannot answer these questions. As the vicar says, there is no reason to suppose that Uncle John stole the rubies; yet any gentleman may well suppose that he stole the rubies. Uncle John smiles placidly down on me, with his glass of port between his fingers, and does not solve the puzzle. He was an uncommon man, Uncle John!

At any rate, the vicar was very much pleased with himself.